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G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

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CHARLES TYRRELL,

BY

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"RICHELIEU;" "GIPSEY;" "ROBBER;" "DESULTORY MAN;"
"PHILIP AUGUSTUS," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CHARLES TYRRELL;

OR,

THE BITTER BLOOD.

CHAPTER I.

Amongst all the many fine and beautiful figures and modes of reasoning, that the universe in which we dwell has afforded, for the illustration of the bright hope that is within us of a life renewed beyond the tomb, there is none more beautiful or more exquisite, that I know of, than that which is derived from the change of the seasons, — from the second life that bursts forth in spring in objects apparently dead; and from the shadowing forth, in the renovation of every

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thing around us, of that after destiny which divine revelation calls upon our faith to believe shall yet be ours. The trees, that have faded and remained dark and grey through the long dreary lapse of winter, clothe themselves again in green in the spring sunshine, and every leaf and every hue speaks of life. The birds that were mute, sing again as tunefully as ever; the flowers that were trampled down and faded, burst forth once more in freshness and in beauty; the streams break from the icy chains that held them, and the glorious sun himself comes wandering back from his far journey, giving summer and warmth, and fertility and magnificence to every thing around. All that we see breathes of the same hope, every thing that we see rekindles into life.

But, on the other hand, there are things within us that awake no more; there are feelings in our hearts that, passed away, return not; there are thoughts that can never be thought again; there are hopes that, once put

out, are put out for ever. These are the things that speak to us of death! These are the things that would darken our hopes of immortality, were we not to draw from them inferences of a higher state of being, where love and confidence, and happiness are not delusions, — where the plant of enjoyment has not its root in the earth, and where the flowers of life wither not away. —There are certainly changes in our very nature which would fill our bosoms with many dark and awful doubts, did we not find, that in the well-regulated mind the bright and intoxicating dreams of early youth, the love that has been crushed or thwarted, the confidence that has been a thousand times betrayed, may give place to firmer and more solid things, feelings not so exquisite, but more deep and powerful; thoughts not so brilliant, but more just and true,—did we not find that with proper cultivation the flowers made way for fruit;—did we not find that every stage of existence would have, but for our own faults, its proper class of enjoyments, and that every stage but leads

us on towards an appreciation of that last noblest state of being, for which all the rest are but a preparation? If we are immortal, is it not well that we should find earth's flowers fade? If we are immortal, is it not well that we should find earth's hopes deceive us? If we are immortal, is it not well that we should learn to regret the passing away of bright capabilities in our own nature, which are sure to be renewed, extended, multiplied in heaven?

The flowers that have been torn up can never take root again on earth; but, nevertheless, there does occasionally come a time, there do occasionally occur events by which all the pain and agony that our heart has suffered in disappointment of trust or expectation,—is more, far more than made up; and though, perhaps, the same flower is not to be refreshed, brighter plants blossom in its stead, and give us back our confidence.

In a pleasant part of Hampshire, where I have passed many of the bright and sunshiny

days of my early existence, not very far from the sea-coast, there stands a house with which is connected three or four legends, each of a very interesting character, but from which I choose one as having reference to times and events within my own remembrance. It is a very large and convenient house, without any pretensions to architectural decoration, with no relationship to any style whatsoever, and constructed upon no principles except those implanted by nature, which teaches man to construct for himself a dwelling the best adapted to his own wants and conveniences. It had, in fact, at one time been a small house, built indeed with regard to no economy of space, but only with regard to the comfort of its first owners, who required but few apartments, yet made them as roomy as could be desired. It had been added to by about three generations, who, increasing in wealth and luxury, demanded more accommodation; and thus, though on the one side of the building some degree of order and regularity was

still preserved,—that is to say, the windows were all in a line, and of the same number in each of the stories—on the other side they had been posted wherever pleasure or convenience suggested; so that the northern front was like a child's first drawing of a house, in which a window and a door are put in wherever a place is found open for them.

At the time I knew the building, it was covered with stucco on the outside, and in appearance was as unlike a place in which tragedy or romance ever had been, or ever was likely to be enacted, as it is possible to conceive. There was a cheerfulness about its aspect, a bright white-washed unsentimental gaiety of appearance that spoke of blithe and joyful things; but, at the same time, it was relieved from the harshness and vulgarity with which white-washed buildings are generally invested by the scenery that surrounded it, by the pleasant irregularity of its aspect, and by a number of old chimneys that came peeping over the parapets in odd places where

nobody expected them. It was embosomed, too, in a deep wood, which came up to three out of the four angles of the building, leaving long sunshiny lawns—only broken here and there by a fine tree with a garden seat beneath it—sweeping up to the three principal fronts of the house.

The fourth front had once been the principal one; but, according to the plan of modern improvement, which in so many instances conceives that it produces all that can be desired by turning the back part of things foremost, that front had now been dedicated to the offices. From it, wound away a long wide avenue of fine old elm trees, like that which we see so frequently leading up to an antique French chateau; and I remember, in my young days, I used to dispute with myself in the summer and the winter, as I rode up the broad green road between the two rows, which looked the best and most congenial to the scene, those fine trees in the dark green fulness of their midsummer clothing,

or in the cold grey solemn bareness of the winter, when all the bright things that had decorated them through the rest of the year were cast down withering at their feet, like the passing pleasures of existence cast off from a mind preparing for the tomb. I believe I then preferred the summer aspect, perhaps I might now find more harmony in the winter.

The woods that surrounded the building on the other sides were, in fact, kept as pleasure-grounds. They were full of winding walks, cleanly and carefully swept, though the extent was very great; while underneath the beeches and the elms, on either side of those paths, grew up an abundance of wild flowers, the plain white strawberry, the graceful and beloved plant of the woods, the columbine, the violet, and the primrose.

One of those walks which led away toward the south, at the distance of half a mile from the house, divided into two. The left-hand branch, which followed the original direction, brought one to another broad walk which faced

the risen sun upon the edge of the wood; and, while the fine beech trees, sweeping down with their long branches like a penthouse, sheltered it entirely from the sun in the summer, and from the rain in the spring and the autumn, they did not at all obstruct the view over some sunny fields to another little wood beyond, over which again rose up Harbury Hill, the chief land-mark of the country round about.

The other branch of the road took a direction somewhat to the west, and at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, or a little more, from the place where the two separated, it reached the wall of the kitchen-garden, which lay embosomed in the deepest part of the wood, containing within itself a space of about two acres, surrounded by high brick walls on all sides. There were two doors in this wall, the one exactly opposite to the path we have mentioned, the other on the other side. Besides this, however, there was a way in and out through the back of

one of the two gardeners' cottages, which were built against the wall in the inside.

On the outside of the wall all was fair and smooth, no building of any kind being suffered to deface the external appearance of that high and imposing mass of lichen-covered brick-work, except—alas! that there should be an exception to every thing in this world—except one little solitary tool-shed, of the ugliest and most anomalous aspect, stuck on like an imposthume on the face of the tall wall, and offending the eye on the very first approach to the garden. Many and many a time have I petitioned that it should be removed, but there was some impediment in the very nature of things, it would seem, which prevented the request from being attended to.

The tools that were kept therein were not, it would seem, a part and parcel of the gardener's utensils. They belonged to the woodmen, and of course the gardener would not give them admission within his domain. The place where the great bulk of the woodmen's

tools were kept, was at the opposite side of the wood, a mile and a half off. It was very handy to have the tools near; and it would seem that, for various reasons, the nature of which I could never find out, or, at least, not understand, there was no place whatsoever in the wood round about which was so convenient as that very spot against the garden wall. Such at least was the report of the woodman; and of course, as he was a very veracious person, and somewhat surly withal, I was bound to believe him, and say nothing more upon the subject.

Now let not the reader suppose, that either in the long and vague proemium with which this chapter opens, and in which he will find hereafter some reference to the tale; or in this minute and curious description of the house and grounds, especially of the paths leading to the back walk and the garden, that I have been led away by the vain desire of reading homilies to those who will not hear, or of dwelling with a sort of doting

pleasure upon scenes which I loved in my youth, and about which few care or are interested, besides myself. Every author, whose fingers are worthy to hold a pen, has an object in each sentence that he writes; and—although in the multitude of characters which throng the world, and the difficulty of ascertaining men's real feelings from their outward appearances, it would be impossible to put the right direction upon each epistle—every half page of every book that is worth reading is addressed directly to some particular person, or class of persons, who are supposed by the author to be capable of understanding and appreciating him. The description that we have given, however, has a more general purpose, and the reader is besought earnestly to remember every word of it, or, at all events, to put a piece of paper in the place, inasmuch as without having that scene constantly before his eyes, and knowing and comprehending it all as well as if he had walked through it a hundred times,

he cannot clearly and distinctly understand the matter that is to follow.

Having given an account of the place, it now behoves us to speak of those who inhabited it; and certainly at the period I speak of,—I do not mean that period within my own personal acquaintance with the spot,—it offered anything but an illustration of the beautiful words of Hooker in his description of the celestial dwelling places. Nevertheless, we shall make the quotation, if it were but for the pleasure of transcribing those beautiful words, independent of the splendid opposition which they afford to all that we are about to describe. "Angels," he says, "are spirits immaterial and intellectual. The glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where there is nothing but light and immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon; but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever do dwell."

This may be taken for a grand description

of every thing which that dwelling was not. Beautiful as was the scene, and pleasant as all the accessories round about, there was seldom anything like peace and tranquillity within. The pheasants came strutting upon the lawns, the timid hare lost a part of her shyness, and scarcely deigned to stand erect and listen with elevated ears for the half-heard sound; the squirrel crossed from one plantation to another within twenty yards of the windows; all the habits of the sylvan world around spoke of peace and tranquillity. But peace was not within. The truth was, that the inmates of that dwelling were too busy in making war upon each other to turn their attacks upon the people of the woods without.

But it is time that we should enter into more specific details, and bring the characters, one by one, before the reader.

Sir Francis Tyrrell, the proprietor of that mansion and of some very large estates in the vicinity, was in possession, besides, of a baronetcy, derived in a direct line by him-

self from an ancestor who had received it at the time whereat that mixed breed between the Baron and the Knight was first propagated. His ancestry was also distinctly traceable through several centuries before, producing a great number of very ornamental people in former times, who shone in the tilt-yard, the tournament, and the battle field; and, in latter times, more than one who had received the high distinction of swinging in effigy upon a sign-post, either as the distinctive mark of the house, or a recommendation to the beer within.

There were various of his progenitors, indeed, whose names were but lightly touched upon in the family history: they were not omitted, as that would have caused a breach in the line; but belonging to that numerous class of persons who may be best described by saying, *the less said about them the better*, those who compiled the genealogy had been cautious in dealing with them. Deeper investigations, however, would have shown that

these members, who met with scanty mention, had generally encountered fates more or less tragical; one had been killed by a blow of an axe, received from a woodman; another had been almost torn to pieces by a mob at the end of the reign of James II, and died of the injuries received; three or four of them had been killed in duels, and one had been shot by a soldier under his command, who was afterwards executed for the offence.

All these were certainly mentioned by the genealogist, and in some instances their lamentable fate was commented on with praises of their virtues, &c. But the causes of those duels, the provocation given to the soldier, the woodman, and the mob, were not mentioned. There were three in the line whose birth and death alone were recorded; and it was shrewdly suspected by those who understood such matters, that one, if not two, of these had perished by the hands of a functionary of the law, while the other, or others, were supposed to have taken their departure unsummoned to their long account.

On looking nearer still, it was found that, in the whole race, there was a fierce and furious disposition, an impetuous and ungovernable temper, which, combined with a general fearlessness of character, and heedlessness of consequences, formed that very moral constitution which was best calculated to lead them into dangers, difficulties, and even crimes. The man who had been killed by the axe, had been proved to have exasperated the unfortunate woodman to such a degree by his intemperate violence and domineering pride, that a jury could not be found to condemn the slayer, though an inquest had brought in a verdict of murder upon the slain.

The same conduct was shown to have been the case in regard to him who was torn to pieces by the mob, he having, in his magisterial capacity, done any thing but attempt to calm and quiet the sedition, but, on the contrary, had done all that he could to exasperate, to irritate, and to drive into madness. This was put forth, indeed, by his biogra-

pher as a bold and valiant proceeding on his part; but there were others who thought that it was only an evidence of the same furious, irritable, scornful disposition which had made itself so remarkable in the race.

The father of Sir Francis Tyrrell had differed very little from his ancestors. He had been a bold, fearless, overbearing, and tyrannical man; a soldier in his youth, a fox-hunter in his latter days; a despot in his magisterial capacity, an irritating neighbour, and an insufferable master of his house. He had been a very handsome man withal; and, in order to prove his disregard for personal beauty, he had married a young lady of the neighbourhood of considerable fortune, but who certainly possessed few personal attractions. As a girl, she had been silent, calm, unobtrusive, apparently thoughtful; in person, little, dark, pale, with small keen black eyes, and a somewhat pointed nose. Her voice had been sharp, but not very musical; and there was something in her whole

demeanour which made the old clergyman of the parish, who had known her from her youth, and who was, moreover, somewhat waggishly disposed, declare, when he heard of the marriage about to take place, that he was excessively glad of it, for that she was just the wife for Sir John Tyrrell.

When they were once fairly married, more of the lady's character appeared; not that she ever became more loquacious or loud-tongued than she had been before; but Sir John very soon found that she had always ready for any of his furious breakings forth of passion a calm, quiet, stinging reply, in which she seemed to combine with diabolical ingenuity every thing that was most disagreeable for him to hear, and to compress it into the fewest possible words. She had a particular art, too, of modulating her voice, so that in the midst of one of his most furious and noisy fits of rage, her low quiet tones made themselves distinctly heard, and not one biting word was lost to his ear.

Sir John was not a man to be frustrated even by this sort of warfare, and he carried it on with his lady through the whole of his life; but he was a candid man, and used occasionally to acknowledge that his furious speeches and behaviour, compared with the quiet words and demeanour of his wife, were as a drubbing with a crab stick to a cut with a scythe.

The offspring of this hopeful union was Sir Francis Tyrrell, and well might his biographer declare that he combined in his own person all the virtues and qualities of his father and his mother: for, to an ungovernable temper, such as had descended to him from his ancestors, he added a sarcastic bitterness peculiarly his own.

Sir Francis Tyrrell was a learned and a literary man; in person somewhat below the middle size, dark in complexion, with sharp features and overhanging eye-brows, which, at the time I choose for opening this tale, were grizzled with some long grey hairs,

which from time to time he industriously pulled out with tweezers, while they with a pertinacity worthy of him from whom they sprang, regularly grew up again longer and greyer and more prominent than ever. He wrote a good deal at various times, and produced works marked by very superior talents; and he also formed frequent theories which were by no means always correct, but which all displayed genius of a certain kind, and considerable originality, if not perversity of thought. Of these works and these theories Sir Francis was not a little vain, and this was one of the most irritable points in his character. He could bear to be touched upon almost all other subjects but those; or rather we might say, that though it was not without danger that any one touched him upon any subject, upon these he became quite furious.

His family were totally without what the phrenologists call the organ of veneration. They had little respect for any thing, and set out with having no respect for themselves.

This they concealed in their own case, of course, as far as possible; but this want of respect never failed to make itself manifest both in words and deeds, when it referred to any member of their own family. Thus, Sir Francis was heard to declare that his father was one of the greatest fools that ever lived, and on being asked why, replied, "For marrying my mother."

"A man puts a lemon to a bottle of spirits," he said, "and people call him a sensible fellow, and go to drink punch with him; but if a man were to eat a whole lemon, plain people would say he was mad."

Again, on the occasion of his own marriage, he set out upon the principle of finding somebody the direct reverse of her who had been chosen by his father, declaring that he looked upon it as a duty to his children. Such an event, he said, as the marriage of his father and mother was sufficient to serve ten generations, and that he would do his best to dilute the quintessence of bitterness which had been

hence produced. He chose, accordingly, a young lady from a distant part of the country, possessed of little or no fortune, of a gay and happy disposition; who had been brought up in great subjection to the will of parents that were really kind to her, and who had a fund of gentle and kindly feelings and good principles, but who was somewhat imprudent and incautious of speech, and of a timid as well as of an affectionate nature. From the first sight of Sir Francis Tyrrell, she had rather disliked him than otherwise. He had gained a little by attention upon her good graces, and upon her esteem by some philanthropic doctrines which he put forth, with no desire indeed of deceiving her or others, but solely because they were theories for which he had a fondness, and in which his vanity was concerned.

His progress in her favour, however, had not arrived beyond the dangerous point of indifference, when he proposed himself to her parents as her future husband. She shrank

from the very idea; but he was wealthy, bore a fair reputation, had, indeed, acquired a high character as a man of honour and integrity, and her parents pressed her so urgently to accept him, that she who was accustomed to yield to them in all things, yielded to them in this also, and she became the wife of a man that she did not love; though it is but fair to say, that there was no other person for whom she had any decided preference.

She married Sir Francis Tyrrell with the full desire and determination to love him as much as she could, and to make him as happy as it was in her power to do, and there were a variety of circumstances which combined to render the first two years of their union tolerably happy. In the first place, there were novelty and passion upon his side; in the next place, her very gentleness was a fortress to her upon which it was difficult to begin an attack; in the third place, her mildness and placability were something so new to the conceptions of Sir Francis, that they made him

feel more or less ashamed of his own violence till he became more familiar with the qualities which at first disarmed him.

But he was one of those who did not like to lead, but rather preferred to drive or to goad; and, from the very first moment that some slight remonstrance on the part of Lady Tyrrell, with regard to something in which he had no business to interfere, gave the slightest suspicion of opposition to his will, the violent, the sarcastic, the bitter, the selfish spirit rose up with delight, unfettered; and the system of domineering and tyranny began in full force. The parents of the lady lived to see her apparent happiness, but not to witness its reverse. Her mother died before she had been married six months, and her father scarcely survived two years. Perhaps a suspicion of the truth troubled his death-bed, but we cannot say.

Unless we listen to the voice of the better spirit within us, prosperity and age generally lead forward selfishness between them; and then

that selfishness, who has hidden herself bashfully in the presence of the more generous feelings of youth, rushes forward with daring impudence and blindfolds our eyes lest we should see her deformity. Such was the case with Sir Francis Tyrrell. There was no counterbalancing power to check or to control. His feelings of religion, if he had any, were not active; he had speculated away the greater part of his morality. He would not, indeed, have done anything that was glaringly and universally admitted to be evil; first, because his vanity would not consent to his incurring the reputation of a vicious man; and, secondly, because his passions did not particularly take that course. But of the moralities of life, which go hand-in-hand with the charities of life, he had no conception. To trample upon those who were prostrate before him—to make his own house a hell, and to act the part of ruling fiend himself—to cast every kind of aspersion and imputation, true or false, upon every one that offended him, and many

that never offended him at all—to be suspicious, jealous, irritable without cause — to allow no opinion to prevail but his own — to deal a very different measure to himself and others—to exact the utmost, and to grant the least—to be avaricious while he was ostentatious—censorious when he affected to be candid, and harshly severe to every one while he assumed the language of philanthropy, he considered to be no wrong, and sat down with the conviction that he was a very good and virtuous man.

The effect upon his wife was, that for a time she sank into a state of timid and cheerless despair, from which she at length rallied herself to make ineffectual resistance. When he accused her of things she had never committed, and purposes she had never entertained, she would now rouse herself to repel the charge; but still, having the worst in argument, and cut to the heart by sarcasms and insinuations, she would have recourse to flight to her own chamber, and end the day in tears.

When he was simply violent, she had the good sense to sit in quiet and make no reply.

But under all these cruel circumstances her health was daily injured, and she who had been full of bloom, and life, and health, became pale, and worn, and thin, and unequal to the least exertion. Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell had but one child, a son, who was born in the second year of their marriage; but of that son, for various reasons, it will be necessary to speak apart.

CHAPTER II.

It is a terrible thing when youth—the time of sport and enjoyment, the period which nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for tasting all the multitude of sweet and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—is clouded with storms or drenched with tears. It is not so terrible by any means when the mere ills of fortune afflict us; for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off by the heart which has not learned the foresight of fresh sorrows. The body habituates itself more easily to any thing than

the mind, and privations twice or thrice endured, are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing, indeed, when—in those warm days of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathies, the soul eager to love and be beloved—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others, cut us off from those sweet natural ties with which nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days; when we have either lost and regret, or known but to contemn, the kindred whose veins flow with the same blood as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

There are few situations more solitary, more painful, more moving, than that of an orphan. I remember a school-fellow who had many friends who were kind to him and fond of him; but he said to me one day, in speaking of his holiday sports, "I, you know, have no father or mother." And there was a look of thoughtful melancholy in his face, and a tone of desolation in his voice which struck

me strangely, even young as I then was. But that situation, lonely as it is, deprived of all the tender and consoling associations of kindred feeling, is bright and cheerful, gay and happy, compared with that in which Charles Tyrrell commenced his career on earth.

He was as beautiful a child as ever was seen; strong, vigorous, and healthy; with his mother's fair complexion, a fine intelligent countenance, even in infancy, and a smile of peculiar sweetness. His father was fond of him as long as he continued an infant. He was proud of him, I was going to say, but I believe the proper term would be, conceited of him. Everybody admired the child, and expressed their admiration and by some strange complication of ideas, the admiration seemed to the father reflected back upon himself. The child amused him too, and interested him, and for a certain time he seemed to derive a pleasure from caressing it, which softened his manner, if not his feelings.

Hard must be the heart and selfish the

mind which is not softened and expanded by communion with sweet infancy. The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, the sweetest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and the errors of grown man, if he would but listen to the lesson and take it to his heart. Seldom, too seldom do we do so, and I cannot say that it was the case with Sir Francis Tyrrell; but still he could not undergo that influence without losing something of his harshness from the gentle presence of the child.

To Lady Tyrrell the birth of her infant was a renewal of hope and a solid store of happiness. She had a fresh object before her, a new motive for exertion and endurance; and as she gazed upon his infant face, she promised herself, for his sake, to bear all and to strive for all. Her health, however, gave way under constant irritation, and as the boy grew up, his father lost that pride in him which he had before experienced; and though he had fondled the infant, he chided

and railed at the child, while Lady Tyrrell, who was, perhaps, inclined to be a little over-indulgent to her only son, roused herself to defend him from the bitter and unmerited reproaches of his father, when, perhaps, in her own case, she might have borne those reproaches in silence.

Every point of his education became a subject of contention. While a child, he had been to Sir Francis a mere plaything; but the moment that his reason began to expand, his father looked upon him as a new object of tyranny, and Lady Tyrrell would often sit and gaze with melancholy eyes upon her son's face, thinking of his future fate, and sorrowing from the sad experience of her own, over the long and miserable years to be passed under the sway of such a man as his father. She exerted herself to conquer even her own affection for the child, and the selfishness of that affection. In order as much to remove him from home, and to give him the blessing of other society, as to ensure him a good edu-

cation, she determined, if possible, to send him to school, though she thereby lost the comfort of his presence, and the continual solace and relief of all his sports, and words, and looks.

Sir Francis, however, on the contrary, did not choose to sacrifice his own pleasure. He did not choose to lose the new object of tyranny which he had acquired. He declared he intended to have a tutor in the house when his son was old enough to learn any thing, and the very wish which his wife expressed, that the boy should be sent to school, only hardened his determination to keep him at home. He had no confidence in virtue or in sincerity of any kind; and although he knew that Lady Tyrrell was, when he married her, as frank and open as the day, he still could not persuade himself that she acted towards him without guile.

It was this error which, in the present instance, ultimately produced the result that she wished. He one day heard her say, by

chance, while stooping over her boy, that it would break her heart to part with him; and a suspicion crossed his mind, that she had proposed to send the child to school for the purpose of inducing him to pursue exactly the opposite course. The very thought was indeed but little complimentary to his own disposition, and arose from an internal consciousness, (the full force of which he would not acknowledge,) of the contradictory and mulish character of his own mind. His determination, however, was fixed by a scene of altercation with the boy himself, whom he had punished severely for doing something that his mother had directed him to do, but whom he could induce by no means, neither by anger nor by blows, to acknowledge that he had done wrong in the slightest degree. It was determined in consequence, that he should go to school; and to school he was accordingly sent, but unfortunately not to a school which was at all likely to correct the constitutional errors of his disposition, or to

afford to his mind that strong moral tone which might have served to counteract all the evils with which his mind became familiarised at home.

As it is not our purpose to trace him through the uninteresting details of a school life, we shall content ourselves with showing what was his natural disposition; and though he is the person destined to act the most prominent part in these pages, we shall in no degree conceal that which was evil in his nature. His first great fault, then, was a part of his inheritance,—the violent passion of his father. Even when a child, he would throw himself down in fits of ungovernable anger, and lie writhing on the ground as if in convulsions, till the fit went off. He had much of the talent, too, of his father; perhaps, indeed, more, and certainly possessed genius of a higher order; for the qualities of his mind received a much greater degree of expansion from being united with superior qualities of the heart. There was, however,

a frequent similarity to be observed between the turn and form of his ideas and those of Sir Francis. In his childhood, even, he had been known unconsciously to utter many a keen and cutting phrase, which brought upon the countenance of his father a sarcastic smile, in which was strangely blended an expression of contempt and bitterness with that of approbation and pleasure.

The boy, indeed, would have been altogether what his nurses called the "moral of his father," with a finer person and much greater corporeal powers, had it not been that his mother's nature was intimately mingled with the whole, and counterbalanced many faults, if it did not counteract them. Under her tuition he acquired a love of truth which never left him through life; but he had by nature a frank straightforwardness of character which was very winning. One saw, even in his very infancy and childhood, that the heart acted before the mind had been taught to act, and with a spirit which was utterly in-

susceptible of fear, and a body not very sensitive of suffering, some of his very good qualities might have led him to wound the feelings of others much more frequently than he did, if he had not possessed a natural tenderness and kindness of heart which led him, with a sort of unerring instinct, to perceive the points on which others were vulnerable, and to spare them on those points, except when moved by some fierce opposition or angry passion. He was also by nature—and that, too, he derived from his mother—most affectionate. That is to say, he did not attach himself to every one, or lightly. He was not as the seed of the mistletoe, or the moss, that fixes itself upon every thing wherever it lights, and grows there till it is torn away. But he had within his heart the power of deep attachment, — strong, permanent, immoveable. He was not likely to form friendships very easily, or to love often; but where he did love, he loved wholly and for ever.

The first instance in which these qualities were put to the proof, was in choosing between his father and his mother. We may call it choosing, though, indeed, there was no choice; for he could not but love the one, and it was very easy not to love the other. On that mother he then fixed the whole strength of his infant affection, and it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Every thing that occurred,—the gentle warnings and reproaches which she sometimes forced herself to make when he behaved ill—her ill health—her deep melancholy—her conduct to her husband, and his conduct to her, all made him cling the more closely to her—made him love her and respect her the more.

The next instance in which he was tried, was in the choice of a friend amongst his schoolfellows. They were almost all inferior to himself,—not in point of birth indeed, for there were some superior in that respect, but in talent, and corporeal as well as mental

qualities; besides a great and marked inferiority in that most inestimable of all qualities, energy of character, which he possessed in an overwhelming degree. The school contained a variety of dispositions, shades and differences of every kind of mind; but he chose, as his companion and his friend, a lad somewhat older than himself, but much less in stature—inferior in station—not remarkable for any very brilliant qualities, but of a calm, quiet, and thoughtful disposition, giving occasionally signs of dormant talent and penetration, which no one had been at the pains to call forth, and of a determination of purpose and constancy of character, which is one of the greatest elements of success in life. His health was by no means vigorous, and his corporeal powers small, so that, in the contests with which we open out the struggle of life in our school-boy days, he was generally vanquished, and, indeed, was somewhat ill-treated by stronger youths than himself, till Charles Tyrrell appeared in the

school and at once took the part of his defender.

Everard Morrison was grateful to him—admired the corporeal powers and vigour which he did not himself possess, and still more admired the brilliant and remarkable talents displayed by his new friend, though those talents were of a character as strikingly opposed to his own as Tyrrell's vigour to his feebleness. Even the wild and intemperate bursts of passion to which the new scholar frequently gave way, the rash and remorseless conduct which he displayed under those circumstances, seemed to afford him matter for thought and speculation, ay, and even admiration likewise; and when, on one occasion, some extraordinary act of violence had called down upon the head of the wealthy baronet's son a rare and reluctant punishment from the master, Everard Morrison stood forward as his defender, and with great ingenuity and talent endeavoured to show, that the provocation which Charles Tyrrell had

received was sufficient to justify the acts he had committed; and, in boyish language, but with keen penetration, he pointed out that the violent passions of his friend were seldom, if ever, excited by any petty injury or offence solely to himself, but rather by what was mean, pitiful, unjust, or tyrannical in others.

Their friendship lasted during the whole time that they were at school together; but at length, on the same vacation, Morrison was removed to take a clerk's place in the house of his father, a country attorney, and Charles Tyrrell was sent to Eton to undergo the needful discipline of a public school. They separated with a thousand boyish professions of friendship, and consoled themselves with the idea, that the county town in which Morrison's father made his abode was only seven miles distant from the seat of Sir Francis Tyrrell, called Harbury Park, so that they could often meet during the holidays. They promised to do so continually. But such promises, made

in the guileless days of youth, are rapidly forgotten. The grasp of our affection expands with the grasp of our intellects, and the little things that we loved in infancy and youth but too often slip away from us as our mind enlarges, like sand through the fingers of a giant. It remains to be inquired, in the present instance, which it was that forgot the other. It certainly was not Charles Tyrrell; for his first expedition on his midsummer return from Eton, was to pay a visit to Everard Morrison; and again and again he walked or rode over to the county town to see his old companion. Morrison always received him gladly to all appearance; but, notwithstanding all the reiterated invitations of his schoolfellow, he never visited Harbury Park but once. He showed, in short, no disposition to cultivate the acquaintance that he had formed at school.

Charles Tyrrell saw this, and was hurt, but he said nothing, and persevered for some time; but finding perseverance produced no

effect, he gradually ceased to seek for Everard Morrison's closer friendship. But his peculiar tenacity of regard displayed itself in this instance also. Although he was hurt and offended, he gave way to no anger; he loved Everard Morrison still, and he did not cease to love him, although he saw him but rarely, and then under some restraint.

His life at Eton we shall not inquire into, for it was exactly the life of every person so situated, or with variations of no importance. Neither is there much to be told in the detached periods of his holiday residence at home—at least, not much which the reader may not divine without being told.

Age seemed to squeeze out the last drop of honey from his father's nature, and to leave all the bitter behind. His conduct to Lady Tyrrell would not, perhaps, in any court established for the purpose of dispensing justice or injustice, as the case may be, have been pronounced cruelty; for such courts weigh nothing but that which affects immediately

the body; and the wounds, ay, or even the death inflicted through the mind, are left to the judgment of another world. Sir Francis Tyrrell showed no personal violence towards his wife. He treated her apparently with ceremonious respect, except when the fit of passion was upon him, and even then, the weapon that he used against her was but the tongue.

With him, however, that weapon was worse than a poisoned dagger, inflicting wounds that could never be healed. Every thing that was stinging, every thing that was venomous, every thing that was scornful, every thing that was irritating, then poured from his lips without the slightest remorse, and without the slightest regard to truth or justice. There can be little doubt that he believed what he said at the time; for his passion acted as a sort of magician in his own breast, and conjured up chimeras, and phantoms, and demons, which had no existence but in the phantasmagoria of his own imagination.

These fits of passion, too, were of frequent, nay, daily, occurrence; and his life with Lady Tyrrell passed thus, either absent from her when, in order to avoid him, or on account of illness, she confined herself to her own room,—in cold and sneering ceremony, when there was no absolute cause of offence, or in violent and angry dispute when she roused herself to resist or to deny.

The effect on her was such as might be expected. Ere she had reached the age of forty, the buoyant health which she had once possessed—the radiant, yet gentle, beauty—the cheerful and contented disposition, were all gone; and she remained old before her time, with a heart wrung and torn, and without one trace of that loveliness with which Heaven had at first endued her.

The conduct of Sir Francis Tyrrell to his son was also such as might be expected from his disposition. The first two or three days after his return during the vacations, the natural feeling of a parent, of course, had

its way. He seemed glad to see him,—fond of him—proud of him; but the third day scarcely ever passed over without some sharp rebuke, and the fourth never came to an end without one of those violent scenes of altercation, which increased in frequency and intensity as the boy grew up towards the man.

The power of reasoning, the will of acting for himself, which soon became evident in Charles Tyrrell, though not exercised either prematurely, insolently, or obstinately, gave his father daily offence. It was with the gradual work of nature that he quarrelled in reality, while he affected to find fault with the conduct of his son. It was that he did not choose to see one, over whom he still thought to keep extended the rule of his iron rod, emancipated gradually by the developement of his corporeal and mental powers, from the authority which is given to parents for the protection and guidance of our immature years.

All this irritated him; but yet we do not

mean to say that young Charles Tyrrell entertained any very great veneration for his father's character, any love for his person, or any respect for his opinions: but that he did not do so was not his fault. The treatment which he daily experienced himself, and which he saw his mother undergo, had put an end altogether to any thing like love and veneration; and the frequent variations of opinion which he daily beheld in his father; the arguing one day on one side of the question, and the next on the other side, as the passion of the moment dictated, left him, whether he would or not, without any thing like respect for his judgment.

He had learned at a public school to put some degree of restraint upon himself, and to show some degree of respect, whether he felt it or not, to older persons than himself. Thus, as far as he could, he restrained himself and obeyed; but it was when his mother was concerned that he forgot all deference towards his father. Then the strong passions

which he had inherited from him would burst forth—then the indignation, which he smothered in his own case, would find a voice—then the vehement energy of his nature would display itself, employing all the talents he possessed to give fire and point to his angry rejoinders.

Still, however, his father's experience, knowledge of the world, learning, and skill in sarcasm, would furnish him with weapons which almost drove the boy to madness; and more than once, during the first two or three years after he had ventured to oppose his father in regard to his mother, his anger ended in bitter and disappointed tears at being overpowered by arguments and sarcasms which he felt to be wrong and unjust.

After a time, however, as he approached the age of seventeen or eighteen, instead of tears, he fell into deep silence, partly from finding himself unable to express his indignation in words such as he dared to use towards his father; partly from the desire to ex-

amine intensely what could be the cause which prevented him from proving himself right when he knew himself to be so. That silence, however, was mortifying to Sir Francis: the tears he had liked very well to see; but when once in the career of passion, he loved to provoke a rejoinder, almost sure that it would throw his opponent open to some new blow. Silence, therefore, was the most irritating thing that could be opposed to him; and twice, when in some of their violent altercations, his son suddenly ceased and said no more, he was even hurried on to strike him, although the period of life at which such an act from a father to a son is at all justifiable, had long passed.

On those two occasions, Charles Tyrrell put both his hands behind his back, and clasped them tight together, till round each of the fingers, as they pressed upon the flesh of the other hand, a deep white space might be seen, showing the stern energy with which he clenched them together. On both these

occasions, too, after gazing, with a frowning brow and a quivering lip, on his father's face for two or three moments in deep silence, he rushed suddenly out of the house and plunged into the woods around.

CHAPTER III.

We have dealt long enough in general descriptions, but they were necessary to explain what is to follow. We must now turn to particular incidents, and to details of facts, endeavouring to set forth our tale more as a gallery of pictures than as a consecutive narrative.

The period of Charles Tyrrell's school-days was over, and he was now studying at the University: but with his studies there we, of course, shall not meddle, but take up his history at his first return to his father's house, after having been absent some months at Oxford. His father, though possessed, as we

have said, of very large fortune, had made his son no larger allowance at college than mere shame compelled him to do. This, however, proceeded in no degree from parsimony; for, as far as money was concerned, he was a liberal and a generous man; but the latent motive was to have a continual check upon his son, and a subject, at any time that he chose to employ it, for censure and irritation.

Do not let any one suppose that this picture is caricatured, for, on the contrary, it is true, and only drawn with a hand not strong enough to paint it accurately. The sum which he allowed his son was by no means sufficient to maintain him upon a level with young men of his own station, and ere he had been many months at college, the thoughtlessness natural to youth, joined with a free and generous disposition, had, of course, plunged him into some difficulties. As soon as he found it was so, Charles Tyrrell, well knowing his father's character, determined to extricate himself without subjecting himself to make a request to

his father, which would be granted, he knew, with taunts and reproaches, and held over his head as an obligation incurred, to be frequently alluded to in the future. He therefore applied himself to economize with the most rigid exactness, and at a time when every thing that was extravagant and thoughtless was done by all those around him, he devoted himself to study and to thought, making his application to such pursuits an excuse for absenting himself from the society of those with whom he had begun to associate.

So far, perhaps, the effect was good; and, indeed, we might go farther. The habit of commanding one's-self, of resisting inclinations, conquering habits, doing right in spite of our own weakness, is the most ennobling, enlarging, elevating act of the human mind. Under the influence of such a purpose, and of such an effort, Charles Tyrrell grew day by day more manly, more vigorous in mind, more competent even to guide and rule others. He was grave and sad, however, for the

fetters of circumstances pressed heavily upon him. He could not do good where he sought to do good; he could not reward where reward had been deserved; he could not encourage where encouragement was wanting. All this he felt, and he felt bitterly, and he knew that all was inflicted upon him by his father, at once unnecessarily and unwisely. Nor, it must be confessed, was he without a consciousness of the motive which caused the infliction, and, of course, that motive made his heart swell indignantly at the tyranny sought to be exercised over him, and the means which that tyranny employed.

When we are aware that those to whom we owe existence have devoted long years, during our infancy and youth, to protect, to nourish, and to guide us,—when they have thought of us rather than themselves, and sacrificed pleasure and amusement, and tastes, and feelings, for our benefit,—when they have spent the weary hours of watchfulness over the bed of infancy and of sickness,—when they have rejoiced in our

joys, and mourned for our sorrows,—when they have made efforts for us that they would not have made for themselves, and even corrected us with more pain to themselves than to us, for our benefit,—when they have felt it a pang, and yet a duty, to deny us what we sought, and when they have given up, in short,—time, thought, pleasure, exertion, energy, hope, comfort, selfishness, for our after welfare,—when they have done all this, and we know it,—there is nothing on earth can equal, or should equal, the love and gratitude of a child for his parents. But when, on the other hand, we owe them nothing but existence,—a gift given selfishly, to be selfishly employed,—when we have been to them but as objects of pleasure or dominion to themselves, the matter is very different, and the love and gratitude that we show them must have its source in that love and gratitude we owe to the better Father, whose will placed them in such relationship to us.

Charles Tyrrell, then, could not love his

father; and had not his mother been living, it is probable that, devoting himself entirely to study, he would not even have visited his paternal mansion during the vacations; but when he thought of her, and how much she needed comfort—of her deep and fond affection for him, and her loneliness in his absence—he determined to go back, although he feared the violence of his father's disposition, and even feared the violence of his own.

Such was the state of his mind towards the commencement of his first vacation; and pursuing his plan of economy, he came up to London by the Oxford stage, and thence proceeded by the Old Blue, night coach, towards his own dwelling,—though that was a period at which young men were not in the custom either of driving the coaches that carried them, or, indeed, of travelling by such conveyances at all, when their circumstances enabled them to afford another. The Old Blue coach contained in the inside the number of six passengers, and slow and heavy was its progress

along roads which had not yet submitted to the petrifying power of Mr. M'Adam. The personage, then, who was seated in the middle was under the unpleasant necessity either of watching through the long progress of a tedious night in the strait-wainscot of a close packed stage, or to choose the shoulder of one of his fellow-travellers for a pillow, which was hard or soft as the case might be.

On entering the coach, Charles Tyrrell found it full when he, himself, was added to the number of its occupants; but the faint glimmer of the feeble lamps in the court-yard of the old Golden Cross, Charing-cross, was not sufficient to show him distinctly the countenances of his companions, though a man with a pen behind his ear, and a book in one hand, came forward to see that all the booked passengers were assembled in the interior, holding up a sick-looking tallow candle, with a long wick, and a fiery mushroom at the top. All that Charles Tyrrell could discover was, that the middle place of the front seat had

been left for him, and when the coach drove off, not a further word was said by any one, every body seeming well disposed, with the exception of himself, to seek oblivion from the evils of their state in the blissful arms of slumber.

The young Oxonian had no inclination to sleep, and leaning back as far as circumstances would permit him, with his broad shoulders somewhat circumscribed by the bulk which his companion, on either side, contrived to give to theirs, he remained pondering in silence over the coming days, looking forward to the time spent at home with none of that expectant pleasure which awaits those whose hearts have a domestic refuge when they return from long absence and from distant scenes.

At a small but pretty inn, which there are few who do not know well, called Hartford Bridge—Heaven knows what changes it has undergone since—the coach stopped for supper, as was customary in those days; and the sight of the woodbines and other climbing

plants, which at that time twined round the door of one of the prettiest little inns in Europe, was refreshing and delightful to the eye of the traveller. The breath of the plants, too, some of which pour forth their odours more fully at midnight than at any other hour, came sweet and balmy to the senses of Charles Tyrrell as, entering the little inn, he turned into the room on the left-hand, where the coach supper had been prepared. There was a room opposite, through the brown holland blinds of which he had seen streaming forth a light as the coach came up; but the door of that room was closed, and all that could be known of its inmates was gathered from the sounds of some gay and cheerful voices speaking within and mingling sweet musical tones with laughter.

On entering the supper-room, one after another of the inside passengers were found stripping themselves of various parts of their travelling costume, and in one of them Charles Tyrrell instantly recognised a person whom

he had seen more than once before. This was a gentleman somewhat past the prime of life—that is to say, he might be fifty-five or fifty-six years of age. He was hale and well, however, though of a thin and meagre habit; and his whole countenance bespoke health not of an exuberant, but of a durable kind. His face, though undoubtedly handsome, was not of a pleasant character; the eyebrows ran up as well as the eyes; the nose was somewhat sharp and pointed, the cheek bones rather too high; the forehead not low, but wide rather than high, and a monstrous protuberance of that superior part of the back of the head in which phrenologists have thought fit to place the organs of self-esteem, self-will, caution, &c. The line might be made to comprise all those organs which tend to combativeness and acquisitiveness, though the former in somewhat of a less degree than the latter.

The shape of a man's head has a far greater share in giving expression to his face

than people in general imagine; and as we have said, though one could not help acknowledging that Mr. Driesen must have been a handsome man in his youth, there was about his countenance that look and air which gave to the features of Voltaire the expression of an old and malicious monkey. Charles Tyrrell had seen him frequently with his father, with whom he used to spend a part of every year; and what he had seen of him under such circumstances had not by any means tended to diminish the impression of dislike which his face had at first produced.

Mr. Driesen was descended from a family originally German, but which had been settled for many centuries in England. He was possessed of a small property, which, during his youth, afforded him quite sufficient to live upon in comfort without pursuing any profession in order to make it larger. He had studied the law, but he never attempted to practise it; and had devoted himself, during

many years, to the pursuit of that sort of philosophy which prepared the way for, and ushered in — not so much the French revolution as the horrors and impieties which accompanied an act that might have passed over, perhaps, innocuously, had not the whole moral and religious foundations of society been previously shaken in France by the efforts of men who fancied they were pursuing wisdom, when, in fact, they were pursuing vanity.

Mr. Driesen was a man of talent, however, and a man of learning. He was a profound Greek scholar, a tolerable mathematician, a clear and cutting reasoner, but artful as a sophist; and, aided by his own vanity, deceiving himself while he deceived others. He was fond of all sorts of startling propositions; feared to shock no feelings or opinions, however respectable, or however well founded, and he was, moreover, full of rich stores of rare and unusual knowledge, and of reading in works which are sealed to the eye of most

men. His memory was unfailing, his fluency great, and he could thus bring to bear upon any subject arguments and quotations startling from their novelty, and confounding from their multitude. He made a boast of being without any fixed principle, and Sir Francis Tyrrell did not esteem him at all the less on that account, not being overburthened with principle himself.

But there was one secret in his partiality for Mr. Driesen, which was, that his friend was in the custom of comparing him to the famous Mirabeau, whom they had both known in France, in their youth, during the period of his utmost power over the National Assembly. The comparison was not altogether without justice. But it was to Mirabeau's father, the old Marquis de Mirabeau, that Sir Francis Tyrrell bore a strong resemblance, rather than to the son. However that might be, the comparison flattered him, and he was fond of the society of Mr. Driesen, who, without bearing by any means a

good character for morality, did not, on the contrary, bear a very bad one. He, on his part, had contrived by various means to diminish his own patrimony considerably, and therefore the luxuries of Sir Francis Tyrrell's house were not disagreeable to him; nor indeed—if the current tales were true—the occasional assistance of Sir Francis Tyrrell's purse.

Although there had never existed any very great acquaintance between him and his friend's son, and though, on the part of Charles, there had always been a feeling of antipathy, which he could scarcely explain to himself; in the present instance, no sooner did Mr. Driesen discover who had been his companion in the night-coach, than he advanced to shake hands with him with a warm and friendly air, which Charles Tyrrell could not make up his mind to repel. They sat down together to supper with the rest of the travellers, and the conversation between the two acquaintances took a turn the least likely in the world to

be taken between two travellers in a stage-coach. It neither referred to politics, nor war, nor locomotion, nor the supper that was before them; but it referred to Greek and Latin poets—to Hesiod, to Euripedes, to Lucan; or else turning to more modern, but not less unusual topics under such circumstances, commented upon Clement Marot, or inquired into the authenticity of the poems attributed to Clotilde de Surville.

The company round about opened their eyes and looked aghast, or opened their mouths, and devoured their supper in silence; but the conversation did not certainly receive that direction from an intention on the part of either of the two to excite astonishment in the listeners. It is very probable that neither of them had the slightest intention of giving it the direction which it took. It very often happens that a single chance word—the most remote or trifling accident—some circumstance scarcely noted even by ourselves—the fall of a spoon or the change of a plate, or any other

insignificant occurrence,—will set that rapid flier, thought, winging her way through the endless regions of imagination and memory, leading after her words and even feelings into directions the most remote from the occurrences which first gave them rise. A single word, a single tone, a single look, is often sufficient, not only to carry us away into trains of idea and conversation quite different from all that we had proposed to follow, but more, far more—to throw open the gates of a new fate before us, and lead us onward to our destiny through narrow, tortuous, and darkling tracts, which we would never otherwise have trod.

If any one had a design in leading the conversation in the direction which we have mentioned, it was Mr. Driesen; and it might be so, for these were not only subjects of which he was fond himself, as a clever and a learned man, but they were also those on which he fancied that his young acquaintance, all hot from Oxford, would be prompt to speak, es-

pecially as he had learnt that Charles Tyrrell had devoted himself earnestly to study.

Eager in all things, and with a taste naturally fine and cultivated, Charles Tyrrell followed the lead willingly, and, ending his supper before the rest, he still carried it on, though Mr. Driesen himself soon showed a disposition to profit by the good things set before him, and took care of the corporeal part of his being, at the expense of the supper.

At length, perceiving such to be the case, Charles Tyrrell ceased, and thinking the time long, turned to the door to see if the horses were not yet put to. Just as he was entering the passage, on quitting the supper-room, the opposite door opened, and a lady came partly out, bearing a light in her hand. She was turning her head to speak to some one within the room, and at first all that Charles Tyrrell could see was a beautiful figure, graceful in every line; but more peculiarly graceful from the manner in which the

head was turned, showing the beautiful hair, fine, full, and glossy as silk, gathered up into a knot at the back of the head, from which one or two curls escaped, and fell upon the fair neck below. The form and the attitude were beautiful, but that attitude lasted only for a moment; for the first step of Charles Tyrrell made her turn round, not with any quick and nervous start, but quietly and slowly to see who it was so near; and the moment she had seen the stranger, she withdrew again quietly into the room and closed the door, probably divining that the members of the supper party belonging to the stage-coach were about to resume their journey, and resolving to let them depart ere she proceeded whithersoever she was going.

The single moment, however, during which she had turned towards him had been sufficient to show Charles Tyrrell one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld. It is nearly in vain to describe beauty; for the pen will not trace the same definite lines as the pencil, and the

imagination of those who read will not be fettered down to the reality, like the imagination of those who see. Nor, indeed, although Charles obtained a full sight of that beautiful face, was the idea that he formed of it accurate. He fancied that the eyes were black, when in truth they were deep blue; but that mistake might proceed from their being shadowed by the great length of the thick black eye-lashes. He fancied, too, that the hair was nearly black, when, in fact, it was of the rich brown of a chestnut just separated from its green covering; but that might proceed from its being of a very deep tint of that brown, and from the position of the light which she carried.

Every one has felt, and more than one poet, besides Lord Byron, has expressed the peculiar sensations which we experience when some bright and beautiful form crosses our path for a moment, and then leaves us without our seeing it any more. A shooting star, though but the meteor of a bright electric night, seems

often more brilliant than the orbs that hold their place crowned with eternal splendour; and Charles Tyrrell thought that face the most beautiful, that form the most graceful, that he had ever beheld. There was, besides, a certain feeling of mystery about her rapid appearance and disappearance. It seemed to be a vision of loveliness given to him alone. It touched and woke imagination; and advancing to the door of the inn with very different thoughts from those which he had borne from the supper room, he gazed up towards the heavens, all sparkling with their everlasting fires, and fixing upon one bright planet which had not yet set, but remained pouring its calm light more tranquilly and equally than the rest, amongst all the radiant things that surrounded it, he thought that it was like her whom he had just seen, and plunging into the dreams of fancy, he revelled in sweet reveries till it was time to depart.

CHAPTER IV.

The scenery amidst which we are born and brought up, if we remain long enough therein to have passed that early period of existence on which memory seems to have no hold, sinks, as it were, into the spirit of man, twines itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body in which his spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present, affecting every feeling and every fancy, and

giving a bent of its own to all our words and our deeds.

I have heard a story of a girl who was captive to some Eastern prince, and wore upon her ankles a light golden ring. She learned to love her master devotedly, and was as happy as she could be in his love. Adored, adorned and cherished, she sat beside him one day in all the pomp of Eastern state, when suddenly her eye fell upon the golden ring round her ankle, which custom had rendered so light that she had forgotten it altogether. The tears instantly rose in her eyes as she looked upon it, and her lover divining all at once, asked, with a look of reproach, "Would you be free?" She cast herself upon his bosom and answered, "Never!"

Thus, often the links that bind us to early scenes and places in which we have passed happy or unhappy hours, are unobserved and forgotten, till some casual circumstance turns our eyes thitherward. But if any one should ask us whether we would sever that chain, there

is scarcely one fine mind that would not also answer, Never! The passing of our days may be painful, the early years may be chequered with grief and care, unkindness and frowns may wither the smiles of boyhood, and tears bedew the path of youth; yet, nevertheless, when we stand and look back, in later life, letting Memory hover over the past, prepared to light where she will, there is no period in all the space laid out before her over which her wings flutter so joyfully, or on which she would so much wish to pause, as the times of our youth. The evils of other days are forgotten, the scenes in which those days passed are remembered, detached from the sorrows that chequered them, and the bright misty light of life's first sunrise still gilds the whole with glory not its own. It is not alone, however, after long years have passed away, and crushed out the gall from sorrows endured, that fine and enchanting feelings are awakened by the scenes in which our early days have gone by, and that the thrill of association is felt in all its joy-

fulness, acting as an antidote to the poisonous sorrows which often mingle with our cup.

It was so, at least, with Charles Tyrrell, as he returned towards the home of his fathers. The sun rose upon his journey when he was about twenty miles from home, but still in scenes of which every rood was familiar to him, and while the first red and blushing hues upon the eastern sky were changing into the bright and golden splendour that surrounds the half-risen sun, the road wound out upon the side of a hill, showing him a wide extent of country to the right, scattered with many a mound and many a tumulus, each in general planted with a small clump of dark fir trees, which waved above the conical hillocks like plumes from the casques of the warriors who now slept beneath.

Beyond that extent again might be beheld long lines of hill and woodland, broken before the eye reached the faintest line in the distance, by a tall curiously-shaped hill, known by the name of Harbury Hill, or, as some called it,

Harbury Fort—though to say sooth, scarcely a vestige of a fort existed there, except the broken vallum of a Roman camp, on the short sweet grass of which now grazed some innocent sheep and peaceful cows.

Looking forth, as well as he could, from the window, the eyes of Charles Tyrrell instantly sought out Harbury Hill, which was, it may be remembered, within a very short distance of his paternal mansion. They lighted on it at once, and notwithstanding all that he had suffered there, and felt he was still to suffer, a thrill of satisfaction passed through his bosom, again to behold the well-known scenes of his early years,—the hill, the valley, the wood, the plain, all glowing in the early light of the morning, which imaged not amiss the light of youth pouring its lustre through all that surrounds it. He gazed and enjoyed; and, with an economy of pleasure, which the harsh lessons of the world had taught him to practise even then, he enjoyed, perhaps, the more, because he felt that that first glow of joy

was the only pleasure which was likely to be his during his sojourn there.

All the passengers in the coach were still sound asleep; and, after a glance which gave him no satisfaction, at the sharp astute countenance of Mr. Driesen, he turned away from the fat unmeaning faces of the rest, heated with travelling, and dirty with a journey, and continued to gaze at every well-remembered object till the coach stopped, the horses were unharnessed, and four staid and heavy animals, but very little like the light blood tits that now gallop over the ground with the Highflier behind them, were brought out, and with somewhat slow and clumsy hands attached to the heavy Blue. The stopping of the coach roused almost all the inside passengers, and amidst many expressions of wonder at the sun having risen while they were all asleep, Mr. Driesen put forth his head from the coach window — commented on the beauty of the morning, and assured Charles Tyrrell that, though he had been absent but a few months,

he would find very great improvements in the neighbourhood of Harbury Park.

"Indeed," said Charles; "I have not heard of any, either in progress or contemplation."

"It is nevertheless true," replied Mr. Driesen; "and I may say that I had some share therein, for I suggested several of the plans to your father; and I hear that he is not only executing them, but greatly improving upon them. I am even now on my way to spend a week or two at the Park, and see what progress has been made."

"Pray, in what may these improvements consist?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "I do not understand how any very considerable improvements could be made, especially in so short a time."

"You will see, you will see," replied his companion. But you remember the old manor house which your father was at one time talking of pulling down, and laying out the gardens by the bank of the stream in meadows?"

"I remember it well," replied Charles Tyrrell, as the words of his companion called up before his mind the picture of a place where he had often played in infancy. It was situated in a valley, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile from his father's dwelling, with a clear and rapid stream rushing through the green turf of the lawn. The house was an old house, built of flints, with manifold gable ends turning in every different direction, but with an air of grave and quiet antiquity about it all, which was pleasant to the imagination. It was the property of Sir Francis Tyrrell; but the house in which he dwelt was more convenient and suitable to him in every respect, and though he had once let the old manor house, he had contrived to quarrel so violently with his tenant, that no one could be found to take it when the lease expired.

It had thus remained uninhabited for many years, and on it time had consequently had the destroying effect which time has on all

man's works, when once they are deprived of the constant superintendence of his care. It had not, indeed, been totally neglected, but still it had fallen into decay, and when an occasional servant was sent down to open the windows and give admission to the healing air and sunshine, the rooms appeared damp and chilly, while the garden, with less tendance than was required to keep it up, showed a crop of speedy grass upon its gravel walks, and a sad luxuriance of weeds.

Nevertheless, Lady Tyrrell loved it, and would often wander thither with her child and the nurse in the days of Charles's infancy, to enjoy an hour or two of peace at some distance from her troublous home. He thus did, indeed, remember it well, and at the very name the clear rushing stream seemed to flow on before him, the green lawns to slope out beneath his feet.

"I remember it well," he said: "but what of it? My father is not going to pull it down, I hope."

"Oh, no," replied his companion, with a cynical sneer, which he could not restrain, even when speaking of his best friend. "Oh no! your mother said that she wished he would, and so, of course, he has abandoned that idea. No; on the contrary, he has repaired and beautified it; has had all the gardens trimmed and put in order, and made it one of the sweetest spots in the country."

Charles Tyrrell was surprised, and revolving rapidly in his mind what could be his father's motive, he was inclined to believe —and the belief was not unpleasant to him— that his father contemplated a separation from Lady Tyrrell, and intended to give her the old manor house for her dwelling. The belief, we have said, was pleasant to him; for, notwithstanding some pain and some annoyance which might still exist, he felt confident that tranquillity and peace, which were the only objects that Lady Raymond could now hope for in life, were only to be obtain-

ed by separating her from him who had inflicted upon her twenty years of misery.

As one is very much accustomed to do in conversing with one in whom we have little confidence, and with whom we have few sources of feeling in common, Charles Tyrrell pondered what he had heard in his own mind for some moments, before he asked any explanation from his companion. When he had done so, however, and began to doubt, from what he knew of his father's nature, whether his first solution of the mystery was correct, he once more turned to his informant and demanded — "Pray what may be my father's purpose in this new arrangement, do you know?"

"Ay, that you will learn hereafter," replied Mr. Driesen, with a sententious shake of the head, expressive of all the importance of a profound but not unpleasant secret. "Ay, that you will learn hereafter; but you must hear that from your father himself."

Charles Tyrrell had a potent aversion to

mysteries of every kind, and an avowed animosity, not a little mingled with contempt, for those who made them unnecessarily. To Mr. Driesen's answer, then, he offered not the slightest rejoinder, and unwilling to gratify him by letting him see that his curiosity was excited in the least degree, he instantly turned the conversation to some indifferent subject, talked of the weather and the high road, the old heavy Blue coach and the horses that drew it, and of any thing in short but that in regard to which he was really inclined to inquire.

In the mean while the coach rolled on, and bore him nearer and nearer to his home. At one particular point, the road commanded a view of the old manor house, and Charles, looking out of the window, saw it gleaming out from amongst the trees. Though it was lost again almost instantly and he could catch none of the particulars, there was an undefinable look of freshness about it, an air of renovation which showed

him that it *was* greatly changed. A little farther on, the coach rolled past the lodge, and it, too, had undergone improvement; but that was not all. There was a servant in mourning livery standing at the gate and looking out at the pretty country scene before his eyes, with an expression which seemed to show that the whole scene was new to him. The suit which he wore showed that he was not a servant of Sir Francis Tyrrell; but Charles saw the small keen black eyes of Mr. Driesen wandering over his face, and he took no more notice than if the servant had been a post at the gate of some house which he had never seen before. About three quarters of a mile further the coach stopped at the lodge of the Park, and Charles Tyrrell and his companion alighted, leaving the inside passengers to tell strange stories of the violent temper and uncontrollable passions, which were considered in that neighbourhood as a part of the inheritance of the Tyrrell family.

On entering his parental mansion, Charles found his father apparently in a more placable mood than usual; but it certainly seemed as if the coming of Mr. Driesen afforded him greater pleasure than the visit of his son. His mother was not present; and after spending a few minutes in the library with Sir Francis Tyrrell, Charles rose to seek his mother.

"You are in vast haste, Charles," said his father; "but I suppose it is of great importance that you should make Lady Tyrrell aware how soon young men at college learn to know every thing better than their father. You can seek her in her own room, where you will most likely find her."

Charles's lip quivered, and his nostril expanded. "I seek my mother, sir," he replied, with a look of indignation that he could not well control, "to inquire after her health, and to tell her about mine." And though some other bitter words sprang up to his lips, he had the good sense to remember

that it was the first day of his return home, and to repress them before they found utterance.

In order to make sure of his own temper he left the room at once; but could hear, as he shut the door, Mr. Driesen's low sarcastic laugh, and fancy pictured the figure of his father, and the sceptic amusing themselves with the anger which had been excited in his bosom. He smothered that anger as far as he could, however, and hoped to leave no trace of it ere he reached his mother's apartment; but at all events his feelings were of course turned into gall and bitterness by this first occurrence in his father's house.

Lady Tyrrell received him with joy, and as she gazed upon the countenance of her son with proud feelings, at the noble and manly aspect which his whole person was beginning to assume, she felt that there was yet one tie between her and life, one bright spot for affection to rest upon in the great desert of "this side the grave." Their meeting

was full of tenderness and affection, and in the first overflowing of their feelings, Charles forgot Mr. Driesen and all that he had told him of changes, improvements, and plans.

At length, however, after having passed about an hour with his mother in telling her all that he had done at Oxford, hiding, indeed, every thing that was painful, and only displaying that which was pleasant, his eye lighted upon his father and the sophist crossing the lawn before his mother's windows, and slowly walking on towards that part of the wood through which a tortuous path-way led to the grounds of the old manor house. His journey in the coach and all that had been said, then rose upon remembrance, and he said, "I forgot, my dear mother, to tell you that fellow Driesen had come down in the coach with me."

"I knew he was coming, my dear Charles," replied his mother; "I heard your father mention it to one of the servants, telling him to get Mr. Driesen's room ready—for it has

gone on till the blue room at the top of the staircase is called Mr. Driesen's room now."

Charles replied nothing, though his mother paused. After a short time, Lady Tyrrell went on—"I grieve that that man is so much here, Charles; he is a dangerous, a bad and an unprincipled man, and I should grieve still more if your character were any thing but what it is; but I feel certain that, notwithstanding all his art and all his eloquence, both of which are undoubtedly very great, Mr. Driesen could no sooner lead you than he could make oil and water mix."

"Indeed, my dear mother, he could not," replied Charles Tyrrell: "I know him thoroughly I think, and dislike him not a little; but still I shall keep away from him as far as possible; for he is continually throwing out those sneers at every thing that is holy and good; at religion, at virtue, at feeling, which leave unpleasant impressions—stains, in fact, which are difficult to efface."

"Do—do avoid him as much as possible

Charles," replied his mother. "I sincerely believe that the only safeguard against such insidious serpents, is that tendency which nature has given us to avoid them from our first abhorrence of their doctrines and feelings: I believe otherwise very few would escape them."

"Oh, I do not think that," replied Charles Tyrrell; "I never yet heard of a strong-built house being knocked down by foot-balls, or beaten to pieces by pea-shooters—but the one and the other may break the windows if they go on too long. At all events I shall keep out of his way, because I dislike him. But, tell me," he added, "what is this he has been speaking of, and which must be true from the changes I observed as I passed? The old manor house, it seems, is repaired and beautified, and I saw a servant standing at the lodge — what is the meaning of all this?"

A smile, sad and thoughtful, but still a smile, came over Lady Tyrrell's countenance. "It is a plot against you, I fear,

my dear Charles," she replied; "but still not one that is likely to be very dangerous, unless you yield yourself to it. You have heard," she added, seeing that she had excited her son's surprise,—"you have often heard your father speak of Mr. Effingham, who had a beautiful place in Northumberland. It was at that house, then, Mr. Effingham's father's, that I first met my husband, and he has two or three times talked of taking you there."

"I forgot all about it," interrupted Charles Tyrrell; "I remember the name of Effingham, and hearing that he was my father's cousin, I think; but nothing more."

"A very distant cousin indeed," replied Lady Tyrrell; "a Scotchman might call it a close connexion, but we, who have no clans, forget such cousinships, except when it serves our purposes; but, as I was going to tell you, Mr. Effingham died some months ago, and made your father his executor. You know how fond he is of projects, and no sooner

did he find that Mr. Effingham had left a large estate somewhat encumbered, together with a widow and daughter, not yet of age, than he laid out in his own mind a scheme for bringing them to the old manor house, for saving sufficient from the rents to clear off the encumbrances on the Northumberland estates, and for marrying you, I am sure, to the daughter."

"Indeed!" said Charles. "I rather suppose that he will find himself mistaken in his calculations; for, thank God, the time is gone by when parents had it in their power to marry their sons and daughters to whomsoever they pleased, and took them to the altar as to a cattle fair, to sell them to whom they liked. I hope, my dear mother, you have given no countenance to this scheme?"

"None whatever, Charles," replied his mother; "but quite on the contrary. I was well aware, my dear boy, that the endeavour to force anybody upon you was the readiest way to make you take a dislike to a person

whom you might otherwise have chosen for yourself; and, besides, I had various reasons which made me any thing but anxious that such a marriage should take place. In the first place, I should much wish you to see a good deal more of the world before you marry at all; nor do I wish you to marry early. It is not indeed so much the desire of keeping you altogether to myself for my own comfort and consolation, as for the sake of your own after happiness and the happiness of the person you may choose. There are some men who certainly should marry young, and who are all the happier in after-life for so doing; but such is not the case with your family, Charles. You should all of you plunge into the world — endure even its sorrows and its reverses—taste the uses of adversity—encounter disappointment, care, anxiety, even overthrow and defeat perhaps, to take off the keen and fiery impetuosity with which you all set out in life, and never think of marrying till you can deliberately pro-

pose to yourselves to seek in domestic life calmness, peace, tranquillity, and the reciprocation of equal affection, rather than rule, domination, and contention."

Charles Tyrrell was silent for several moments. He felt that what his mother said was true in some degree, and yet there was a good deal in it that mortified him. He loved her too well, however—he appreciated her motives too well—he was of too frank and candid a nature to suffer any mortification he felt to appear harshly.

"My dear mother," he said in a melancholy tone, "I think if you knew all that I have felt, you would judge that I have had disappointments and griefs enough in seeing my mother's unhappiness, and living in a house of strife, to trample down, even from my infancy, a great part of those strong passions that you fear."

Lady Tyrrell shook her head, and Charles went on.—"Well, well, my dear mother, it does not signify—at all events, I am very

glad that you have given no encouragement to this scheme of my father's; for depend upon it, it must and will fail."

"I would have encouraged it on no account whatsoever," replied Lady Tyrrell; "I should have thought it unjust and wrong in every respect; but I am sorry to say, that it has been the cause of as bitter a quarrel between myself and your father as ever occurred, and they have been but too many. He wished me to write and invite Mrs. Effingham here; but I would not do so. I had never seen her, for Mr. Effingham was not married when I was last at his father's house; and as your father had often spoken of Mrs. Effingham as of a weak, poor-minded person, with whom he did not wish me to keep up any acquaintance, of course I never made the attempt; but I could not be expected suddenly to turn round and affect great regard for persons I had never seen, and towards whom I had shown some neglect. If immediately after Mr. Effingham's death your father had ask-

ed me to write, and, as a matter of kindness, invited Mrs. Effingham here for change of scene, I would have done it with pleasure; but when it was to press her to come hither after two or three months had elapsed, and to say every thing I could in my letter to forward a scheme I disapproved, of course I endeavoured to avoid doing so, and on my showing the least reluctance, your father took fire and spoke and acted as you can conceive. He has scarcely ever opened his lips to me since, except, indeed, the other day, when he informed me, that he himself had written to Mrs. Effingham, and that she had accepted his invitation, which of course did not raise her very high in my opinion. All the other arrangements were concluded too, I find; so that she has taken the manor, and is about to reside there with her daughter till Lucy becomes of age, and is consequently no longer under your father's guardianship. Every thing will be prepared to receive them there in about ten days. In the mean time,

they come here before the end of the week, what day I do not well know, as I have not been informed. I shall treat them, of course, with kindness and civility, and trust you will do the same; for your father has the fullest right to expect that at our hands, though I cannot write, hypocritically, pressing invitations to people that I do not wish to see."

The impression produced on the mind of Charles Tyrrell, by the account which his mother gave him, was certainly any thing but pleasant in regard to Mistress and Miss Effingham; and certain it is that, although he, as well as Lady Tyrrell, made up their mind to perform every external act of civility, yet there was a predetermination on the part of both to make that civility so cold and icy as to cut short every project of an alliance with one whom they were resolved to dislike.

Their conversation then turned to other subjects, on which it is not necessary to dwell,

and the only thing which occurred further between the mother and son worthy of remark, was, that Charles Tyrrell, who had always entertained a great antipathy to the name of Lucy, took pains to repeat it with particular emphasis whenever the conversation returned to Mistress and Miss Effingham.

In the evening, Lady Tyrrell came down to dinner, which she had not done for several days before, and willing to make her son's return home as cheerful as she could, she restrained, as far as possible, every appearance of bearing in mind the dispute between her husband and herself, though it had thrown her into a fit of illness. Acting on the same principle, she suffered Mr. Driesen to take her unresisting hand, and in reply to several speeches, which he purposely rendered extravagantly gallant, she uttered some civil words of course.

Sir Francis, in the course of his walk, seemed to have been tutored to politeness by Mr. Driesen, and both to his wife and son

behaved with an unusual degree of courteousness, though the very nature and constitution of his mind prevented him from abstaining altogether from an occasional sneer or sarcasm. In fact, his very politeness savoured thereof, and there was, nine times out of ten, as much bitter as sweet in every thing he said.

On the whole, however, the evening passed over more pleasantly than usual, and though both Lady Tyrrell and her son were well aware that no real change for the better had taken place, they were only too anxious to protract as long as possible the temporary suspension of strife and irritation. It was to be remarked, too, that every time Mr. Driesen found Sir Francis Tyrrell touching upon dangerous ground, he skilfully contrived to draw him away by throwing some new element into the conversation of such a kind as he knew Sir Francis Tyrrell would dash at, forgetful of what went before. Thus the whole party were, in fact,

in a much more placable mood, when the rush of carriage wheels was heard indistinctly through the open doors, and a loud peal upon the bell called the servants to the gate.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Francis Tyrrell heard the sounds; but for a moment took no further notice of them than by raising his eyes, with a meaning look, to the countenance of Driesen, who was sitting at a little distance in an attitude which he was very fond of, when busy in propounding some of his own speculative opinions, which he knew were likely to sound harsh in the ears of some of the persons present. It was an attitude entirely composed of angles, one knee nearly up to his chin, which was itself long and pointed, one arm thrust behind his back, the other bent into a sharp angle to support his head, and his

whole body leaning forward, with his under jaw a little protruding. Charles Tyrrell used to say, when he saw him in this attitude, that he was knotted into a theorem; but, nevertheless, the attitude, which was beyond all doubt studied, was not without its effect upon those who saw it from its very extravagance.

He also heard the carriage, and stopped in the midst of a disquisition which he was addressing to Sir Francis, as to whether the religion of the Greeks and Romans was not more rational than Christianity. Lady Tyrrell was working and hearing as little as possible, and Charles Tyrrell sat by his mother drawing a flower for her embroidery, and from time to time addressing her in a low voice, with a running comment upon Driesen's discourse, which certainly would not have gratified that gentleman to hear.

Lady Tyrrell heard the carriage like the rest, and was the first to speak upon the subject. The feeling that it was impossible to

avoid the daily strife with her husband, had engendered carelessness, but not awe,—his tyranny having, like all other tyranny, taught her to resist.

"There is the sound of a carriage," she said, fixing her eyes full upon her husband. "Do you expect any company to-night, Sir Francis?"

"To-night or to-morrow," replied Sir Francis, "I expect Mistress and Miss Effingham, Lady Tyrrell."

He was about to add something bitter, but as he particularly wished that Lady Tyrrell should not show towards his new guests any distaste for their society, he commanded himself sufficiently to stop short. Nor was it unusual with him, indeed, so to do; for he was one of those who loved the condition better than the reputation of a domestic tyrant, and when any strangers were present he contrived as far as possible to veil the natural badness of his temper under the garb of formal courtesy toward his wife and son.

Lady Tyrrell thought that it might have been as well to inform her that such guests were so speedily expected, and she had every inclination either to say so, or to quit the room and leave Sir Francis to receive them himself. She looked at her son, however, and one or two ideas crossed her mind which prevented her from giving way to a wrong impulse. She recollected that a painful scene might be the consequence between Sir Francis and herself. She recollected that it was the first day of her son's return, and that such a scene might, on that very day, call up one of those bitter quarrels between father and son, which she had more than once seen take place on her account. She remembered, too, the purposes with which she had set out in married life, and the efforts which she had often made to conquer harshness by gentleness, and overcome bad conduct by good. However ineffectual she had found it, she resolved once more to try the more generous course, and in every thing to

act towards Mrs. Effingham as a lady, with courtesy if she could not affect kindness.

Lady Tyrrell laid down her work and rose. Sir Francis frowned; not knowing what was to follow; but she said, "If you think that is Mistress Effingham, Sir Francis, I had better go out to receive her, considering that she is a stranger and come from a long journey."

The face of Sir Francis Tyrrell changed in a moment, and Charles's heart smote him for not having felt at once what was the conduct which his mother ought to pursue. Lady Tyrrell moved towards the door, which was, as we have said, partly open; but before she reached it, the servant threw it wide, announcing Mistress Effingham.

The next moment that lady entered, and certainly bore nothing in her appearance which could inspire any feeling of coldness or dislike. She was tall, though not quite so tall as Lady Tyrrell, and dressed in widow's mourning; but the close cap and the

dull crape could not conceal that she was very beautiful,—yes, even yet, though past the season of youth, extremely beautiful. Her hair, which had once been bright and glossy as woven sunbeams, was now, indeed, carefully hidden; but there were the fine straight features — the calm expressive eyes — the broad clear forehead — the beautiful mouth and fine teeth — the oval face, which was not without the expression of sorrow; but even sorrow as well as time had treated it leniently. She was entering a strange house, to meet people only one of whom she had ever seen before, under circumstances very different from those to which she had been accustomed; but yet there was a grave calmness about her which seemed to say—"Wrapped up in deeper thoughts and feelings, I set all trifling inconveniences at defiance."

There was something in her appearance which—why or wherefore she scarcely could tell—changed Lady Tyrrell's feelings to her in a moment, not entirely, indeed, but in a

very great degree. What was it that she had expected to see in Mrs. Effingham? It was, in fact, any thing but what she did see. It was a gay widow, that darkest and most anomalous of all natural chimeras. Now, the whole of Mrs. Effingham's appearance bespoke her the very reverse. There was not the slightest trickery about her dress: it was the plain unbecoming dress of the widow, as unbecoming as it could be rendered. There was no affectation about her manner: it was sad even under an effort to be cheerful. She smiled, indeed, but it was the ripple over a dark deep sea; and Lady Tyrrell found that she had misconstrued her husband's words, or that they had pictured Mrs. Effingham very ill. She instantly extended her hand to her.

Mrs. Effingham took it quietly, saying, "Lady Tyrrell, I suppose;" but by this time Sir Francis Tyrrell had advanced, and he now proceeded not only to welcome his fair guest, but to introduce her and Lady Tyrrell to each other with formal courtesy and

politeness. The introduction of his son followed; but almost at the same moment Lady Tyrrell asked, "Where is Miss Effingham? Has she not accompanied you?"

"She is speaking with her maid," replied Mistress Effingham, "and will be here immediately. I have been lately somewhat of an invalid, and therefore came in from the night air at once."

Charles Tyrrell was young, and hesitated whether he should or should not go out to the carriage door to meet Miss Effingham. He would have done so to any other person, but the hint which Lady Tyrrell had given him of the purposes of his father, and a doubt whether those purposes might not be suspected or known both by Mrs. Effingham and her daughter made him hesitate. That hesitation was increased by seeing the eyes of Mrs. Effingham fixed steadfastly upon him, with some degree of surprise, perhaps, but still with a scrutinizing and examining look.

A hint from his mother, however, made him

turn towards the door for the purpose of doing what was courteous, at all events, and as soon as he had left the room, Mrs. Effingham said, in some surprise to Sir Francis, "I thought your son was much younger! He seems two or three and twenty. I had fancied him much younger than Lucy."

A well-pleased smile came over the countenance of Lady Tyrrell, and Sir Francis answered, "That was, I suppose, because in writing, I called him *the boy;* but that is only a form of speech, you know. He is not of age yet, however, thank Heaven, for I am sure he is not fit to take care of himself. Few men have sufficient wit to keep themselves from running their head against a wall till they are thirty at least. — Permit me, madam, to introduce my friend Mr. Driesen; though, I believe, you are already acquainted with him."

Mrs. Effingham drew herself up, saying coldly, "I have had the honour of seeing Mr. Driesen before."

That gentleman, however, was not one easily

repelled, and throughout the whole of that night he devoted himself assiduously to paying court to the fair widow. Whatever were her feelings towards him, whatever was her opinion of his character, it cannot but be acknowledged that she, as well as all others on whom he chose to employ his art, was compelled to listen, and could not help finding something agreeable in his conversation, for he was one of those endowed with the rare power called eloquence. It is true, that he misemployed one of the noblest gifts of Heaven; but still he possessed it, and by means of it he could sweeten the poison that he was too fond of offering to others.

While the brief conversation which we have noticed was taking place, however, Charles Tyrrell had left the drawing-room, and proceeded through the glass doors which separated the inner corridors from the entrance hall, thinking to himself, with that injustice which naturally follows prepossession, either for or against, "This young lady seems to

be giving herself vast trouble to ensure the safety of her caps and bonnets."

As he entered the vestibule, however, he saw the person he sought, speaking eagerly to one who seemed her maid, while a man-servant in a travelling dress held up a long basket, such as plants are sometimes carried in, and two or three of the servants of the house stood round and assisted. He heard, at the same time, a sweet musical voice, which was not altogether strange to him, saying, "I hope they are not broke, Margaret. You know how fond my mother is of them, and I would rather that any thing else had been injured than these flowers."

"There is but one of them hurt, Miss Lucy," said the man-servant; "and I will get some of the people to show me the way down to the house to-morrow morning, so as to have them planted at once."

Lucy Effingham examined the plants for a moment, and then telling the man to do as he proposed, turned round to enter the house.

She had not remarked the approach of Charles Tyrrell, and he had remained a step behind her, waiting till she had given her orders. In the time that had elapsed, however, he had made a discovery, by the tone of her voice, which, it must be acknowledged, was not at all unpleasant to him. When she did turn round, therefore, he was not at all surprised to see the face and form of the young lady he had seen the night before at the pretty little inn of Hartford Bridge. Lucy, on her part, did not recognise him, for, on the preceding evening she had seen him but for a single instant, and had withdrawn and shut the door before she was conscious of any thing except that there was some stranger going along the passage.

Throughout life we are constantly holding long conversations without saying a word, for the expression of the countenance is just as much a language as that which hangs upon our tongue; and though the one and the other are often equally deceitful, yet, we are con-

stantly endeavouring to correct the falsehood and mistakes of either by the commentary of the other.

Charles Tyrrell instantly saw that she did not recollect in the least having seen him on the preceding night; but she saw that he knew who she was, and that he seemed very well pleased to see her; and she therefore thered from that circumstance that he was Sir Francis Tyrrell's son, though there was certainly four years difference between his real age, and that which she had fancied it to be, and at least six in appearance. Charles Tyrrell bowed, and, though he saw it was unnecessary, informed her who he was, and then led her to the drawing-room, where his mother received her kindly.

A strange house, strange people, and a novel situation in every respect, of course, had their effect upon a young and inexperienced girl, who, though not precisely of the character which is called timid, was yet naturally modest and retiring in all her feelings, yet full of high and noble principles, which would,

if called upon, have enabled her to take a strong — a vigorous part in any situation of difficulty. She was, however, grave and reserved through the greater part of the evening, and till they retired to rest Charles Tyrrell did not hear again that cheerful tone which had struck his ear in the inn at Hartford Bridge.

Lady Tyrrell accompanied her guests to their apartments, and Charles remained a moment or two before he himself retired to his own room. To him his father made no observation; but, almost as soon as the ladies were gone, he turned to Mr. Driesen, saying, "She is very beautiful, indeed."

"Which do you mean," demanded Mr. Driesen, "the mother or the daughter?"

"Oh, I meant the daughter, of course," replied Sir Francis: "I had seen the mother often, before; but I had no idea that Lucy, whom I remember a plain child, would have turned out so beautiful."

"She puts me in mind," said Mr. Driesen,

in reply, "of a piece of French porcelain, all rosy red, and clear white, and ultramarine blue."

There was a sneer upon his lip as he spoke, and Charles Tyrrell, who felt the simile to be unjust in every thing but the mere terms, inasmuch as nothing could be more beautifully shaded and harmonized than the colouring of Lucy Effingham's complexion, turned round and quitted the drawing-room.

Immediately after he was gone, Sir Francis proceeded to read Mr. Driesen a lecture upon the impolicy of decrying Lucy Effingham's beauty, knowing so well as he did the project formed for uniting her to his son. "I can tell you, Driesen," he added, "that young man is harder to deal with than you know; to use the late King of Spain's expression, 'he is as obstinate as an Aragonese mule.'"

"My dear sir, he is your son!" replied Mr. Driesen, with a cynical bow; "but begging your pardon, I said what I did quite advisedly. She is a great deal too pretty for him to ac-

knowledge the justice of what I said. He is even now gone up to his room, not only excessively angry at me for saying it; but thinking Lucy Effingham ten times as beautiful as he did the minute before, simply because I compared her to a French flower-pot. He will, in all probability, dream of her all night, and will rise to-morrow morning fully prepared to tilt his wit against mine in her defence."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Sir Francis Tyrrell; "though you concealed your meaning so well, that I did not perceive it. Latet anguis in herbâ Driesen, eh? I did not perceive the reptile under the flower-pot, though I might have known, too, that there must be a snake under any flowers that you choose to cull;" and thus having repaid him for the rejoinder to the Aragonese mule, Sir Francis Tyrrell wished him good-night, and they mutually retired.

Mr. Driesen went up to his room—saw that every thing was comfortable for the night—

put his two feet upon the hobs by the side of the fire, and made some calculation on a piece of paper resting on his knee. He then took down from a corner in which he had placed it, when he unpacked his baggage, Hobbes's Leviathan, without which he never travelled—varied it with an article out of Bayle—added a page or two of Petronius, and then, upon the comfortable doctrines he had imbibed, went to bed and slept.

On the following morning, Lady Tyrrell sent her maid to inform Mrs. Effingham that having a violent head-ache, she was compelled, as the only means of removing it, to remain in bed. In truth, the arrival of her son, and of unexpected guests, had excited her more than usual, and her health was so shattered by anxiety, grief, and disappointment, that a very little agitation had a serious effect upon her.

The morning was thus passed by Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, with the three gentlemen only; and on Sir Francis proposing to walk through the grounds to visit the old

manor-house, Mrs. Effingham declined, but said her daughter would go, while she herself would visit Lady Tyrrell in her own room.

Sir Francis took the hint that had been given by Mr. Driesen the night before, and having fancied that his son was somewhat struck by the beauty of Lucy Effingham, and was inclined to court her society, he determined to throw a few obstacles in the way, and declared that he would have the young lady's company all to himself; so that Charles and Mr. Driesen might amuse themselves the best way they could.

While he and Lucy set off through the woods to the manor-house, Mrs. Effingham having sent to inquire whether Lady Tyrrell could receive her without increasing her headache, proceeded to her room, and we shall beg leave to accompany her thither, as the conversation between the two was not without importance; and it is the only one which, perhaps, it may be necessary to record, as a specimen of many which afterwards took place between those ladies.

Mrs. Effingham proceeded calmly to Lady Tyrrell's bed-side, and sat down in a chair which was placed for her by the maid, who then retired. She asked kindly after Lady Tyrrell's health, and told her that Sir Francis and her daughter had gone to the manor-house. There was something in her manner, which, without the slightest affectation of so doing, displayed towards Lady Tyrrell a feeling of tenderness and interest which touched that lady's heart, and won very much upon her regard, though it was impossible to say in what consisted the charm to which she was so willing to yield.

After she had spoken of several other things, and found that Lady Tyrrell appreciated and understood her character, at all events, in some degree, she added, "I have taken this opportunity of speaking to you, my dear Lady Tyrrell, because I do not know when I may have another opportunity of conversing with you alone for any length of time; and yet, as what I have to say is a matter of some

interest, I almost fear that it may make you worse if I go on, though it ought to be said at once, as we are placed in a relative position towards each other, which makes it necessary that we should understand each other from the beginning."

"Go on, my dear madam, go on," replied Lady Tyrrell, "there is nothing I love so much as frankness and sincerity, and I am so much accustomed to bear ill health and to undergo much more painful excitements, while suffering sickness, than any your conversation can produce, that I have no fear of your making my head-ache worse, and even trust that your conversation may have another effect."

Mrs. Effingham paused for a moment, and looked upon the ground. "You have so plainly alluded, my dear madam," she said at length, "to matters which I dare scarcely have ventured to touch upon, that I may now say, I trust my being here in your neighbourhood, may afford you some comfort and consolation. I do not mean that

the vain hope of doing so, induced me to accept your husband's invitation to this house; even although that invitation was not ratified by your own.—"

Lady Tyrrell turned a little red, as Mrs. Effingham touched at once so distinctly on her not having written herself, especially as she felt that it would be impossible to meet the apparent candour with which that lady treated her, by explaining the motives which had induced her so to act. Mrs. Effingham went on, however, without apparently noticing the embarrassment of her hostess.

"I had many important reasons," she said, "for accepting that invitation and coming hither; but, believe me, Lady Tyrrell, that the thought of being a companion and consolation to you, strange as it may seem, had no slight share in my determination. In the first place, let me inform you, that my late husband, whom I revered and respected, as perhaps you know" — she spoke with perfect calmness—"requested me upon his death-bed,

when the eyes of the only one I ever loved were closing for ever, to accept the invitation, which he doubted not I should receive, to spend some time in this place. It was as a command to me, Lady Tyrrell, which I could by no means disobey. In the next place, I was very anxious to quit that part of the country for a time on two accounts, the strongest of which I will explain to you afterwards; the other was personal,—I believe I might say, selfish. There are some people who linger fondly in scenes where they have spent happy hours with persons who are lost to them: it seems to recal the happiness without the loss,—to me it daily recals the loss without the happiness; and though I struggled hard against what I felt to be a weakness, yet, both the weakness and the struggle undermined my health, which had already suffered. Then, again, my late husband had the highest confidence in the honour and integrity of Sir Francis Tyrrell."

"His honour and integrity," said Lady

Tyrrell, "and even his generosity, where neither passions nor prejudices are concerned, Mrs. Effingham, may be fully relied on. God forbid that I should not give my husband his full due."

"I am sure you would, my dear Lady Tyrrell," replied her companion. "My husband knew him well—his faults, his failings, and his good qualities; and he told me, that although not the wealth of a Crœsus, or the power of an Emperor, would have made him give his sister or his daughter to be the wife of Sir Francis Tyrrell, yet he could put his wife and daughter confidently under his charge and direction, and with the more confidence, inasmuch as Sir Francis held a considerable mortgage upon his estate, which he believed would only act as a bond to make him treat them more nobly and guide them more carefully."

The words of Mrs. Effingham put the character of Sir Francis Tyrrell to his wife in somewhat of a new light, or at all events, in a light which had not shone upon it for many

years, and her eyes filled with tears, called up by many mingled emotions.

"Doubtless, you remember my husband well," continued Mrs. Effingham, "for he knew and esteemed you highly, I can assure you, though he had not seen you since your marriage; but there was a conviction upon his mind that yours was the last character on earth to cope with such a temper as that of Sir Francis; who required, he thought, one almost as vehement, quite as determined, and somewhat more calm than his own. Such he knew that you were not, and there was a conviction upon his mind that—"

"That I was unhappy," said Lady Tyrrell, calmly, as she saw Mrs. Effingham hesitate.

"At all events, that you might require and appreciate some consolation," said Mrs. Effingham. "Amongst the last things that he said to me were: 'I wish you could be near her; you might mutually support and console each other, after I am gone;' and therefore it was

that I first proposed to your husband to seek for me a house in this neighbourhood — accepted gladly what he proposed, when he offered to repair and let to me, what I hear is a very beautiful place, in the immediate vicinity, and did not refuse when he invited me to spend a week or ten days here, although Lady Tyrrell did not confirm the invitation."

"Lady Tyrrell was, perhaps, very wrong not to do so," said the invalid; "but many circumstances prevented me from doing what, I sincerely assure you, I regret not to have done. Those circumstances would be tedious to explain, and even painful; for, to do so, would compel me to enter into the private particulars of the state of this house, which, perhaps, you may learn, ere long, by your own observation, but upon which I cannot myself dwell."

"Say not a word, my dear Lady Tyrrell," replied Mrs. Effingham. "It is very possible that even Sir Francis Tyrrell himself, when he made the invitation, was not well aware whether he should regret it or

not; for when I last saw him on his visit to Northumberland, several years ago, I do not know that we were the best friends in the world. It was with very great difficulty that my husband could make me believe, that a man who professed to have little or no religion, except of a very vague and unsatisfactory nature, could be an upright, honest, and honourable man. I was wrong, I know; and he, on his part, was wrong too. Because I put forth, perhaps, with a good deal of the vanity of youth—I was young then—somewhat more than necessary of my religious opinions, in the presence of one I knew to be a sceptic and believed to be an infidel, he thought me a foolish fanatic as well as a very disagreeable person. Those religious feelings, Lady Tyrrell, however, have since been more withdrawn into my own heart. I feel them more deeply than ever: I thence derive the only consolation that I know. They make me cheerful under sadness, and give me happiness because they render hope immortal;

but I have since learned, that to display those feelings too frequently or obtrusively, is a vanity which cannot be pleasing to God, and must naturally be offensive to men."

Lady Tyrrell held out her hand to her. "I will acknowledge, my dear Mrs. Effingham," she said, "that I must have sadly misconstrued some of my husband's expressions in regard to you, and I thank you for all your candour and your confidence. Depend upon it I will return it with pleasure and with comfort to myself."

"I thought so from what I saw of you last night," said Mrs. Effingham; "but I had determined, nevertheless, whatever might be your character, to explain to you frankly and straightforwardly why I came without your invitation. I must now, however, come to another part of the subject, more difficult, and, perhaps, more disagreeable to treat of."

"Indeed!" said Lady Tyrrell, with some alarm. "Pray what may that be?"

"It is in regard to your son and my daughter," said Mrs. Effingham.

Lady Tyrrell smiled; but she was as much wrong in her present conclusions as she had been in her former ones.

"I have been entirely mistaken," continued Mrs. Effingham, "in regard to your son's age; I had thought, I do not well know why, that he was not more than fifteen or sixteen, and I cannot let Lucy be here even for the short time that we are to stay, nor be as intimate in the house after we have removed to the manor, as I hope we shall be, without being straightforward and candid on that subject also. I mentioned that there were two motives which induced me to wish to leave Northumberland."

"Good God!" exclaimed Lady Tyrrell, raising herself in bed. "Your daughter is in love with somebody there." And she felt strangely at that moment what a perverse thing is human nature. Not two days before, all her feelings would have been differ-

ent, on hearing that Lucy Effingham was either engaged to, or in love with, somebody in Northumberland; but now, although she would not admit even to herself that she absolutely wished her to marry Charles Tyrrell, yet she was disappointed to think that such a thing was out of the question.

Mrs. Effingham, however, after a moment's pause, replied—"Not exactly, my dear Lady Tyrrell; I do not mean to say that Lucy is absolutely in love with any body; but there is a young gentleman in that neighbourhood who is certainly desperately in love with her. What are Lucy's feelings on the subject I have never inquired; because both her father and myself were resolved, from the very first, to set our face against such a marriage; and, having determined to reject it without any appeal to her, judged it would be unkind and unjust to enter upon the subject with her at all, as nothing that she could have said, or any one else could have said, could by any chance have shaken our resolution."

"Some person, I suppose," said Lady Tyrrell, "inferior to herself in circumstances and station?"

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Effingham; "at least, not so inferior as to have proved an objection in her father's eyes or mine, had it not been for other circumstances. His father, Colonel Hargrave, is a man of small fortune, and, I believe, not very high connexions; but he is a gentleman, and a good though a weak man. His eldest son, who is married, is a clergyman; but this second son, who is in the navy, is in every respect objectionable,—rash, wild, licentious, unprincipled. He was early sent to sea, from his ungovernableness at home; but the experiment only made bad worse. However, he was absent from our part of the country, and we did not hear of many of his proceedings till his return. Before we were aware of all the facts, he had seen Lucy frequently, both at his mother's house, at ours, and at other houses in the neighbourhood.

But his reputation speedily followed him into Northumberland. We found that he had been in no place without leaving a bad character behind him; and that not alone of a wild and heedless young man of strong passions, but of a heartless, unfeeling debauchee; who was besides without any principle in affairs where money was concerned. He could not be exactly called a swindler, but approached as near that character as possible without bringing himself under the arm of the law, and he had very nearly ruined his father to free him from the consequences of his own extravagances and misconduct."

"But surely," said Lady Tyrrell, "your daughter, who seems so gentle and amiable, could never love a man of such a character."

"I do not know, Lady Tyrrell," said Mrs. Effingham, shaking her head; "women frequently love the people most opposite to themselves, not alone in person and tastes, but often, too often, in moral qualities. He is very handsome, too, and extremely pre-

possessing in his manners. To listen to his conversation you would think him an angel of light, though I have heard that, now and then, in all societies, the evil spirit breaks forth and shows himself. He took care, however, of course to conceal his real character as far as possible from Lucy; but I find that even then he could not govern his evil propensities, so far as not to behave in such a manner in one of the neighbouring houses as to get himself heartily cudgelled by a servant, whose sister he attempted to seduce. One could not offend Lucy's ears by entering into all the particulars of such affairs, and consequently the means Mr. Effingham took were to shut the doors of our house against him. He then demanded an explanation, which you can conceive was complete and final; but he behaved in so violent and outrageous a manner, that Mr. Effingham, who was even then very ill, was obliged to ring and order the servants to show him to the door.

"Of this latter part Lucy was aware; but her father's illness rapidly increased, and his death soon followed, so that she had sufficient matter of a painful kind to occupy all her thoughts. The young man was absent from the neighbourhood at the time, afraid, in fact, of being arrested for a debt. His father has since paid it, and he returned about a month ago. He has since been seen hovering round the house, and one time even left a card and inquired for the family. Lucy has never mentioned his name to me since; but I was, at all events, very glad to quit that part of the country. When, however, my dear Lady Tyrrell, I came here and found your son so much older than I had thought, I felt instantly that it would not be just to you to remain without letting you know exactly how we are circumstanced. Even making deduction for a mother's fondness, it cannot be denied that Lucy is very beautiful, and it seems to me that she is very engaging also. It by no means follows, indeed, that any evil consequences

should result; but I have but done what is right in laying the facts exactly before you."

Lady Tyrrell thanked her a thousand times: she saw that Mrs. Effingham had acted a generous and honourable part towards her; that she was one of those in whom she might repose the fullest confidence, and that all her preconceived ideas regarding her were wrong. She was most happy now that Mrs. Effingham had come to their neighbourhood. She felt that there was a person near of whom she could make a friend, who could give her solace, consolation, and advice; but yet, in the present instance, she could not immediately respond to the frank and candid statement of her guest in the way she would have wished; for, to say the truth, she was in doubt as to what her own conduct ought to be, and she plunged into a train of thought, without making any reply — a habit which very naturally grows upon persons accustomed to seclusion and frequently cast back upon their own reflections for guidance and support.

Her conviction, from the conversation which had taken place, was, that Mistress Effingham felt perfectly sure that Lucy's heart had been engaged by this young man, of whom she had spoken, and there was something in her maternal pride and love for her son—the only object of her pride and affection for many years—which made her unwilling that her Charles should be the second in any one's affection, even supposing that Lucy's first love for this young man could be utterly obliterated. From what she knew of her son also, from the character and appearance of Lucy Effingham, and from the near proximity in which they were placed, she believed that that young lady was the person, of all others she had ever seen, to whom Charles was most likely to become attached; and after pondering for several minutes in silence, all that she could reply to Mrs. Effingham was, that if it were possible she should much like to give her son intimation of the fact which she had just learned.

Mistress Effingham in turn thought for a minute or two, and then replied.—"Do so, Lady Tyrrell; tell him all that I have told you, but pray tell him nothing more; for I have spoken exactly as I mean, and given you a true picture of my own impressions on the subject."

Lady Tyrrell did tell him that very afternoon, not long after Mrs. Effingham had left her; but she certainly went beyond what Mrs. Effingham had intended; for, impressed with the full conviction that Lucy was attached to Arthur Hargrave, she conveyed that impression to her son as a matter of certainty.

The effect of this communication upon Charles Tyrrell was not such as his mother expected, or the reader may expect to find. It seemed to take a load from him—to relieve his mind from a burthen, and his manners from a restraint. So long as he had imagined that Lucy was brought there for him to fall in love with, he had felt fettered in every word and in every action lest he

should convey to her herself a false impression of his views and motives. But the moment he was told that she was attached to another, all such impressions were done away. He resumed his usual character and conduct, and all he felt towards Lucy was admiration for her beauty, fondness for her society, and a sort of tender compassion for the disappointment of one so young and so deserving. But he thought to himself, as he had often thought before, "I could never be content with a heart, the first fresh feelings of which have been given to another."

CHAPTER VI.

We must allow two or three days for the imagination of the reader to fancy all that took place in the developement of the various characters of those assembled at Harbury Park to the eyes of each other. In those two or three days considerable progress had been made in showing to Mrs. Effingham and Lucy the state of existence of Sir Francis Tyrrell, his wife, and his son. The father, though he still put some restraint upon himself, had lost the first effect of the presence of strangers, and given full way, both towards Lady Tyrrell and Charles, to the bitter and sarcastic spirit which showed itself at all times, even when the more violent excesses

of his passionate nature were under control. The tears were too much accustomed to rush into Lady Tyrrell's eyes not to find their way there easily, and she had twice or three times quitted the room to prevent them from overflowing in the presence of her guests.

Charles, on every account, had restrained himself as far as possible, and had done so always when he himself was assailed; but when the attack was levelled at his mother, even the presence of others could not prevent his eyes from flashing, and his lip from quivering, in a manner that startled and alarmed both Lucy and Mrs. Effingham.

When he was alone with them he was all that was kind and gentle, without making any effort whatsoever to conceal the quick and hasty disposition which was certainly his. Lucy then seemed well pleased in his society; for she was gay and cheerful, though with an occasional degree of gravity which never suffered him to forget what Lady Tyrrell had told him. When they were all in the

society of his father, however, the very apprehension which she entertained of some quarrel seemed to make her regard him with greater interest. Her eyes were frequently upon him, and she appeared in those moments, when he was excited by, and struggling with, the strong passions of his nature, to look upon him with a degree of awe.

Thus the matter had proceeded till the party had been assembled at Harbury Park for four days. On the evening of that day it was determined, that on the following morning, if fine, as Sir Francis was to be engaged with his Court Baron, Lady Raymond and Mrs. Effingham, neither of whom were competent to much exertion, should go down to the manor-house and make various arrangements there; while Lucy, accompanied by Charles, and under the safe conduct of Mr. Driesen, should proceed on horseback to the sea-side (the nearest point of which lay at about four miles from the house), and take a canter along the sands.

The morning, when it arrived, was as beautiful as it could be, and every thing was prepared to set out, when it was found that one of the horses wanted shoeing, and the delay of nearly an hour took place. Mr. Driesen consoled himself with some of his favourite studies, while Charles and Lucy stood in the conservatory whiling away the time by talking over what the Latin poet, with a sort of prophetical inspiration of an Irish bull, has happily expressed by words which may be rendered "every thing in the universe and a little besides." At length the impediment was obviated, the horses brought round, and the party set out for the sea-side.

Charles was an excellent horseman; and Mr. Driesen, though in figure greatly resembling the prongs of a carving fork, was by no means otherwise than a good rider. Indeed he excelled in most exercises. He was a skilful fisherman, and a good shot, and whatever he did, was done with such quiet ease that it was evidently the result of long

and early practice. Lucy also rode uncommonly well, and the whole party felt the exhilaration of beautiful weather, rapid motion, and command over the noblest beast in the creation.

The sea-shore was soon reached, and the sands were still uncovered, although a slight mistake about the time of tide, and the delay which had occurred ere they set out, had kept them so late that the sea was beginning to flow in. The coast, however, was by no means a dangerous one, so that there was no chance whatsoever of such an awful scene occurring as is depicted in the most beautiful and interesting of modern novels, called "Reginald Dalton." The sands were hard and firm, and you might gallop over them in safety, even with the water dancing round your horse's feet. There were high cliffy banks above the shore, it is true, in general crowned with dark masses of wood, which there approached fearlessly even to the very edge of the sea. But there were con-

stant gaps in this cliffy barrier leading up into sweet inland valleys beyond, and through most of these gaps there wound away a path, not fitted indeed for a carriage, but perfectly practicable for persons on horseback or on foot. A few lonely houses belonging to fishermen, in general covered for a roof with an inverted boat, were the only habitations for some way along the coast, except where a solitary martello tower marked the end of a headland at about two miles distance.

By the time they reached the sea-shore, a light summer haze had come over the blue sky. It could by no means be called a mist, for the earth and air around were all pure and clear. Nor did it properly deserve the name of a cloud, for the sun shone through it, though softened. But it was like a thin white veil drawn over the blue, and where a thin line or two of cloud did really appear and cross the disk of the sun, they became like streaks of gold, as we often see at the rising and setting of the great orb of day.

The beautiful weather was rendered all the more enjoyable by the absence of fiercer light and greater heat, for there was not a single breath of wind upon the waters, which, instead of dashing upon the shore with a roar and a bound, rippled calmly up with a low peaceful rustle, as if afraid of breaking the silence.

Lucy Effingham declared that to her ear the waves seemed to say "Hush;" and Mr. Driesen began a dissertation upon the real and fanciful affinities of sounds and objects in the external world to the feelings, and thoughts, and actions, and fortunes of man. It was a fine and a high theme; and though, perhaps, upon that subject he thought not right or wisely, he spoke eloquently, nay, poetically.

Charles Tyrrell was almost angry that he displayed himself to so much advantage in the eyes of Lucy Effingham; but he knew not what was going on in Lucy's bosom, and therefore did not comprehend, that although the flow of words, the choice, the beautiful and the appropriate expressions which Mr. Driesen

might use, could not but have some effect; yet Lucy felt, as it were by instinct, that there was an art in the whole—that it was a composition which Mr. Driesen spoke, not an out-pouring of the simple heart in the grand presence of Nature. She would rather a thousand times have heard a few words less polished, less refined, from the lips of Charles Tyrrell; but he remained very nearly silent, more struck with the observations of their companion than she was; for men in general do not perceive the want of nature and simplicity in such things so easily as women do, and appreciate metaphysical refinements more highly.

They rode on along the sands, however, for a considerable way, enjoying themselves much; and if Charles Tyrrell was at all angry that a man, whose real character and views he understood so completely as he did those of Mr. Driesen, should set himself in a different light towards Lucy Effingham, to that which he really merited, the worthy gentleman soon contrived to cure the evil himself. The conversation

gradually turned to the subject of human motives in general. It was one of which Mr. Driesen was remarkably fond, and he could by no means resist his inclination to plunge at once into his usual course of reasoning on the subject. He was something more than even a disciple of La Rochefoucault. With him selfishness was every thing. It was the great predominant spirit which moved all nature. There was nothing he did not refer to it,—nothing that he did not derive from it.

Lucy was now silent in turn. She neither liked the doctrine, nor believed it. She saw there must be sophistry, though she could not see where. She believed that there was either a confusion, or a laxity of terms, which enabled Mr. Driesen to confound one thing with another; and as she could not detect where it existed, she wisely held her tongue.

Charles Tyrrell, who had heard the same doctrines before, did not choose to enter into a dispute upon the subject, but contented himself with throwing in a word or two every now

and then to counteract Mr. Driesen's reasonings by reducing them to an absurdity. He broke in upon them too, from time to time, to call Lucy's attention to some beautiful spot, or some curious object, and for almost all of them he had some little anecdote to tell—some little legend to narrate, or some observation to make, which showed that he had not frequented the scenes of his youth with eyes or ears shut, or heart or mind idle.

When they had passed the martello tower some way, and as the day was beginning to decline, he pointed out a road which led between two of the cliffs to the left, saying, "Now, which way shall we go? That takes us back to the park, and is about two miles shorter than the way we came; but I do not know that it is so pleasant."

"Oh, the longest way, by all means, Mr. Tyrrell," replied Lucy Effingham, looking up in his face with a bright smile. "Such a pleasant ride as this can hardly be too long."

Often have we harangued upon the important results which spring from the smallest trifles. Those few words decided the fate of Charles Tyrrell and Lucy Effingham for ever. It was not that the bright smile, with which they were accompanied, lighted up in Charles Tyrrell's bosom any feelings which were not there before—for he fully believed afterwards, as he had previously thought, that the first affections of her heart were given to another—but it was, that the very moment in which they stood there to decide on the one road or the other, was the very critical moment of their fate; that every after-moment through all time and eternity was affected by it; and that the consequences of Lucy's decision, by the concatenation of a thousand fine small incidents, brought events to pass that no one then did calculate, or ever could have calculated.

This is, in fact, the place where our story should have begun; but, notwithstanding the maxim of the poet of old Rome, we cannot help thinking, that it is better to begin a little

too soon than a little too late, in histories, as in other things.

Charles Tyrrell instantly turned his horse's head on the road for which Lucy had decided; but they rode back more slowly than they had come; for it seemed as if the two younger of the party, at all events, wished to linger on as long as possible by the side of that calm grand sea. More than once they pulled in the rein and stood to gaze, though the ocean presented little for their contemplation beyond the sublime of its own immensity; except, indeed, where a distant sail skimmed along the waters, or a white bird dipped its long pinions in the dark bosom of the deep.

They had returned very nearly to the spot where they had first reached the sea-shore, when they came to a little cottage at about the distance of a mile from the martello tower and about twenty yards apart from another, which stood close to the cliff. There was nobody visible at the cottage-door, and a boat which had lain high and dry as they

had passed before, was now beginning to float with the tide, which was rolling rapidly in. The sea on that part of the coast, as I have often witnessed, goes out as gently and softly as a fine summer's day; but, even in the calmest weather, rushes in with great rapidity and force. There was no other boat near, though, from the appearance of the ground, and a spar or two which lay upon the beach, there appeared to have been a larger one somewhat higher up not long before, and it was natural to conclude that the fishermen, on that fine day, had put out to sea.

Charles and Lucy drew up their horses not far from the boat to gaze once more over the sea; but at that moment Charles Tyrrell saw the little bark begin to slip down the sand as the water flowed round it, and it instantly struck him that by some accident it had become detached from whatever it had been moored to.

"They 'll lose their boat," he exclaimed, "if they do not mind what they are about;" and he turned his horse's head in order to tell the people

at the cottage; but Mr. Driesen, who had remarked the same fact before him, and had turned for the same purpose, exclaimed, "I'll go, I'll go. You and Miss Effingham are picturesque and contemplative; an old fellow, like I am, can afford to have his reveries broken into."

Thus saying he rode up to the first cottage, but found nobody. He then rode on leisurely to the second, and called in at the door: "Good woman, are there no men about? You'll lose your boat to a certainty; for it's adrift there—afloat."

A loud shrill cry was the woman's only answer, and rushing out to the spot where Charles and Lucy stood, with an infant at her breast, she exclaimed, in a voice of agony, "Oh, the child, the child!" and at the same moment, though the boat had now drifted out some way, the whole party could see a little pair of hands stretched up over the gunwale of the boat, and part of the head and face of a child of about three or four years old. The woman uttered another loud scream when

she saw it; but Charles Tyrrell was off his horse in a moment, and casting down his coat and waistcoat on the sand, he plunged at once into the sea.

The ground, for a space of about ten yards from the spot where the line of the rising water was rippling over the sand, was very nearly level, but the boat was considerably beyond that, by this time; and after rushing across that first space, with the sea scarcely above his knees, Charles Tyrrell found the ground rapidly shelved down beneath him, while some low black rocks, slippery with sea-weed, impeded his way, and made him fall twice. The second time he cut his knee so severely as to cause him great pain; but, nevertheless, exerting all his strength, as he saw the boat getting further and further out, he dashed on till he was clear of the rocks, and out of his depth; and then, swimming as rapidly as he could, approached the boat and endeavoured to catch hold of the rope by which it had been attached.

In the mean time, two, at least, of those who

stood upon the sea shore watched with terrible anxiety for his success, and saw with pain and apprehension that twice, as he attempted to catch hold of the rope, a slight turn of the boat drew it out of his reach.

The child, by this time aware of its danger, was leaning over the side toward the person who sought to deliver it, and they saw Charles Tyrrell, unable to catch the rope and apparently fatigued by swimming in his clothes, place his hands upon the gunwale of the boat as if to get in and guide it back to the shore. The boat, however, which was small and light, heeled under his weight and nearly capsized; the child, thrown off its balance, pitched out, and, for a moment, both Charles Tyrrell and the boy were lost to the sight. The next instant, however, Charles appeared again holding the child firmly with his left hand and striking towards the shore with his right; and Lucy Effingham and the mother saw him reach the rocks, sit down for a moment as if to recover strength, and appear to soothe the

terrors of the child, placing it so as to be able to carry it more conveniently to land. He waved with his hand at the same time to show them that all was safe, and then slowly and carefully rose and made the best of his way back to the sands with the child.

Three various impulses seized upon the fisherman's wife as soon as she found that her boy was safe. The first, was to clasp him to her breast with all the vehemence of maternal affection; the next, was to scold him angrily for getting into the boat at all; the next, was to pour forth a torrent of grateful thanks upon Charles Tyrrell for saving the child. The principal force of her gratitude seeming to be excited by the fact, that such a gentleman, as he seemed, should have gone into the sea and spoilt his clothes for the purpose of saving her Johnny.

Mr. Driesen grinned a cynical smile at the turns taken by the woman's emotion; but the eyes of Lucy Effingham, she could not tell why, filled with tears—ay, and overflowed.

She felt a little ashamed of being so much moved, and, having no other refuge but a jest, she laid her hand upon Charles's arm saying, "Pray come home, Mr. Tyrrell, and change your clothes as fast as possible! You have been quite selfish enough, according to Mr. Driesen's opinion, already." And her eye lighted up with a gay smile, though not enough to dry up the tears through which it shone.

Charles Tyrrell thought her very lovely indeed at that moment; but though he was not only wet, but suffering great pain from a bleeding gash on his knee, he did not follow her counsel of returning home till he had asked several questions of the fisherman's wife. He found that her husband was partner in the fishing boats with the master of the next cottage and his son, and that they had gone away early that morning to try their fortune with other boats at some distance. They had at first proposed to go in the boat which had now drifted out, and had pushed her down nearly into the water, when

some circumstance, which the wife did not know, had caused them to change their mind and take the larger boat. By some carelessness they had forgotten to moor the boat they left to any thing, and while the little boy who was saved played about at the door, as she thought, the poor woman had remained within nursing the child at her breast and tending an elder child than either, who was sick in the cottage.

By the time that he had learned these particulars, Charles Tyrrell had resumed the clothes he had cast off and was ready again to mount his horse.

"I am sorry, my good woman," he said, seeing her eyes turn with a look of hopeless and bewildered anxiety towards the little bark, "that there is no other boat near to enable me to bring back the one that is drifting out; but it is too far, I am afraid, for me to attempt to swim to it. There are other boats, however, at those cottages about half a mile on, and we saw men near the doors as we passed about an hour ago. As

I ride by now I will tell them to put out after your boat, and I dare say they will do it willingly."

"Oh, that they will, sir," answered the woman. "My husband's brother lives in the second cottage, and he is at home, I know."

Charles then mounted his horse, though with difficulty, and riding on with Lucy and Mr. Driesen along the sea shore, they came to the cottage, where they found plenty of people willing to put out immediately after the boat that had gone adrift. They then returned home as fast as they could.

Were we writing a romance instead of a true history, this might be a very favourable opportunity for plunging our hero into a severe fit of illness, and casting him almost entirely upon the society of Lucy Effingham for resource and consolation. Such, however, we are forced to admit was not the case. Charles Tyrrell changed his clothes indeed; but further than that, he had no occasion to think of his having been in the water any

more. He caught not the slightest cold; the cut on his knee got well as rapidly as possible, and two days after he drove down with Lucy, Lady Tyrrell, and Mrs. Effingham as far as the carriage could proceed on its way towards the fisherman's cottage. They then walked the rest of the way, and found both the boats drawn up upon the shore.

Three men were hanging about on the sands, two mending some nets and cordage, and another, a stout, weather-beaten, thick-set seaman, of the middle age, standing with a telescope at his eye, gossiping in his own mind with a ship that appeared hull-down in the offing. As he was the nearest to them, and as, situated in that little remote nook, Charles Tyrrell judged that the inhabitants of the two cottages must be looked upon as almost one family, the young gentleman applied himself at once to the personage with the telescope.

To the first words, however, the man replied nothing but, "Ay, ay, sir," keeping the glass still to his eye; but when Charles

Tyrrell proceeded to say, "We want to hear, my good sir, how the little fellow gets on, whom we saw nearly carried out to sea in the boat the other day. Was he any the worse for his wetting?" The man instantly dropped the glass by his side, as if he had been grounding arms, and exclaimed — "I 'm sure you 're the gentleman that saved poor Johnny! —— if I am not glad to see you!" — confirming it with an oath which is unnecessary to repeat.

"Why, sir," he continued, "the boy 's as well as can be, and a good boy he is too; and though my wife has scolded me ever since for not mooring the boat, I thank you, and am obliged to you with all my heart; and there 's John Hailes's hand." And he held out to Charles Tyrrell a broad, brown, horny hand, as large as the crown of his hat.

Charles took the honour as it was meant, feeling that the man intended to imply, and perhaps with justice, that the hand of John Hailes was that of an honest and an upright

man, not given to everybody without consideration. He, therefore, took it as we have said and shook it frankly, saying — "I am very glad to hear that the little fellow has received no hurt; and how is the other young one, who was ill?"

"Why, he's better sir — he's better," replied the man: "I think the fright did him good, for he heard all about his little brother that he's so fond of, and he couldn't budge out to help him himself, poor fellow. Won't the ladies come in? I'm sure my wife will be very glad to see them. There's nothing catching about the child's illness. It's only that the pot of hot tar fell down off the fire over his feet and burnt him badly."

Lady Tyrrell and Mrs. Effingham very willingly agreed to go into the cottage, for they were both tired; and here new thanks awaited Charles Tyrrell, for the mother having recovered from the first overpowering emotions of the moment, was now voluble and even eloquent in her gratitude.

Lady Tyrrell was pleased and affected, as well as Mrs. Effingham, and Lucy turned to the window and looked out upon the sea, which for some reason looked dim and indistinct to her eyes. Charles, however, was overpowered and would willingly have escaped; but he was relieved, as well as the whole party, in some degree, by the good father, John Hailes, cutting across his wife, as if he suddenly recollected something, and planting himself abruptly before Charles, with the words "I'll thank you, sir, to tell me what's your name?"

This speech caused a general smile, and the fisherman proceeded to comment upon it in explanation, saying — "You see, sir, the reason why I ask is, that I had forgot it, and so had my wife when you were here before; and I was afraid that we should both forget it again, and you should go away without our knowing who it was that saved our poor boy from the worst luck that can happen to any one, being turned adrift in an empty boat."

"My name is Tyrrell," replied Charles; "and I am the son of your neighbour here, Sir Francis Tyrrell; but you really owe me nothing, my good friend, for no one could see a child in such a situation without helping him."

"That don't matter, sir," replied Hailes; "the man that did it 's the man for me; so I am very much obliged to you; and if ever it should be that even you should want a helping hand in your turn, why, here 's John Hailes."

While this conversation had been going on, the poor boy, who was sick, had been looking up in Charles Tyrrell's face with a pair of large, intelligent, dark eyes, as if he sought to catch his every look. He was apparently about ten years old, and a good-looking boy, but very pale, from what he had suffered; and Charles, to put an end to all further expressions of gratitude, went up and spoke to him about the accident he had met with. The boy answered sensibly and clearly; but

when he had done, he added in a low voice, — "Thank you, sir, for saving poor little Johnny. I am sure I should have died if he'd gone out to sea and nobody with him."

By this time the people from the other cottage had brought in the little boy, who was, it seems, as much a pet of theirs as of his own family: and the two sturdy fishermen were standing leaning against the lintels of the door, looking into the cottage, which was by this time well-nigh full.

There was nothing, perhaps, very moving in the scene which she had witnessed; but yet, it had agitated Lady Tyrrell, who was weak in health, and now finding the numbers too much for her, she rose and wished the cottagers "good-b'ye," giving the little boy some money, with a friendly warning never to go and play in the empty boat again. They then returned home; and for the time this little adventure—and an adventure is always, abstractedly, a desirable thing in a country house, out of the sporting season — pro-

duced nothing but matter for conversation and amusement while Mrs. Effingham and Lucy remained at the Park.

Their departure, however, was now speedily approaching, and the greater insight which Mrs. Effingham daily obtained of the temper and disposition of Sir Francis Tyrrell made her hasten her preparations as far as possible, to settle herself in the manor-house with all speed.

CHAPTER VII.

In the ordinary commerce of one human being with another, which takes place in the every day routine of that dull machine which is called society, especially in large cities, we pass on through life, knowing little or nothing of the human beings with whom we are brought in temporary contact. A cynic said, that language was made to conceal our ideas; and he might have added, with equal truth, that the expression of the human countenance was intended to convey false impressions. A great part of the truth is not spoken, because there is no necessity for speaking it; another great part is swallowed up by conventional false-

hoods; and the rest, or very nearly the rest, is buried under lies that the liars think cannot be discovered.

Thus, when we think of the great part of our ordinary acquaintance, and ask ourselves what are their views, purposes, opinions, thoughts, feelings, dispositions, characters, we may well say with the moralist, poet, and philosopher, "We know nothing." It is much to be feared, that if from society in general we were to take away all that is false in word, look, and action, we should have nothing but a pantomime in dumb show, performed by very stiff automatons.

Such, however, cannot be the case entirely with those who spend ten days together in a country house. There will come moments when the machinery is somewhat deranged,— when the springs will appear, — when the piece of mechanism will want winding-up; in short, I believe it to be very difficult for the most habitual actor on the world's stage to pass the whole of many days with an observ-

ant companion without some trait appearing, some slight indication taking place of the real man within, of the heart that beats, and the character that acts underneath the mask of our ordinary communications with the world.

At the end of ten days Mrs. Effingham was settled at the manor-house, and she was perfectly satisfied in regard to every point of the character of Sir Francis Tyrrell. She saw and knew, as she had before believed, that he was a man who would on no account commit a base, dishonourable, or dishonest action; that in every thing appertaining to money, when separated and apart from other motives or passions, he was generous and liberal. But the violence, the irritability, the exasperating nature of his temper and disposition, it must be owned, went far beyond anything that she had expected or even believed possible. For Lady Tyrrell, she was deeply sorry; and though she did not always think that lady acted wisely towards her husband, yet she was evidently the suf-

fering party, and therefore engaged all Mrs. Effingham's best feelings in her behalf.

Some doubts in regard to her estimate of Charles Tyrrell's character would occasionally insinuate themselves into the mind of Mrs. Effingham. She saw that he possessed all his father's good qualities, and almost all his mother's, improved and directed by a mind of a higher tone, and by mingling, as a young man only can mingle, with the world. But she perceived, also, that no small portion of the fierce and fiery character of his father had descended to him. She marked it in the flashing of his eye; she heard it in the quivering of his voice; and she distinguished it in the sharp, uncompromising reply which burst from his lips when his mother was assailed; and she felt sure that in that noble and commanding form, already full of high and manly graces, there dwelt a passionate and eager spirit, difficult to control, and which might or might not, by habit and indulgence, assume a character like that of his father.

She hoped and trusted, indeed, that it was not so; for she saw that Charles was continually engaged in a struggle with himself, and she fully appreciated the powers of his mind and the feelingness of his heart. She doubted, however; she was not sure; and she thought of Lucy, and the chance that existed of her daughter, sweet, amiable, and gentle as she was, acting again the part of Lady Tyrrell, and withering like a flower scorched by the lightning.

When, however, she reflected and compared which of the two she would rather have for the husband of her daughter, Charles Tyrrell or Arthur Hargrave, she was inclined to clasp her hands together, and exclaim without hesitation, "Oh, Charles, by all means!" With him there is always some hope; with him there is always some resource. It would be difficult, I should think, for a well-intentioned person to miss the means of either moving him by his feelings or convincing him by his reason. No, no," she added, "he

can never become like his father; but I fear, I very much fear, lest the intense and fiery disposition which I see is so ungovernable within him, may lead him to acts which will bring misery on himself and on those that love him."

What were the feelings of Lucy Effingham herself, and what the view which she took of the characters of Sir Francis Tyrrell's family, we shall not pause to inquire. She had attached herself greatly to Lady Tyrrell, and with her winning sweetness had wound herself so closely round that lady's heart, that ere she left Harbury Park, its mistress looked upon her almost as a daughter.

The fourth personage which formed the society that Mrs. Effingham and her daughter left behind when they proceeded to take up their abode at the manor-house, was abhorred and disliked by both; but Mr. Driesen did not, or would not, or could not, find it out. He was plentifully furnished, as we have had occasion to show, with that most service-

punishing any one who very deeply offended him.

These were rare cases, however, and on the whole Mr. Driesen was considered a good-tempered and placable man; and those who did not see very deeply, had been heard to observe, that it was a pity such a good-humoured fellow as Driesen, so talented and so amusing, should be utterly unprincipled. However, one great source of his good humour was his self-conceit, which seldom, if ever, suffered him to take offence; and this, therefore, prevented him from seeing that Lucy Effingham shrank from him whenever it was possible to do so without rudeness, and that Mrs. Effingham received all the civilities and attentions that he paid her with coldness which would have repelled any other man.

We must now come to inquire into the most important point of all, namely; with what feelings Charles Tyrrell saw Lucy Effingham quit his father's house. He had thought her exquisitely beautiful from the first. The grace

which marked all her movements, and which seemed to spring from a graceful mind, had not been lost to him either. There had been also constant traits appearing of a kind and gentle heart; and without attempting any thing like display—for one of the most marked and distinguishing characteristics of Lucy's mind was a retiring, though not, perhaps, a timid modesty—she had suffered so much to appear during her stay at Harbury Park, that Charles could not doubt her mind had been as highly cultivated by her parents as it had been richly endowed by Heaven. All this he had seen as a mere observer; and, never forgetting what his mother had said in regard to Arthur Hargrave, he fancied that he looked upon the whole merely as a spectator, and that he examined, appreciated, and admired Lucy Effingham merely as his father's guest and his mother's affectionate friend.

Thus it went on, till she had quitted the Park and taken up her abode at the manor-house, and then Charles felt a vacancy and a want, far

more strongly than he had expected. The house seemed to have lost its sunshine; the park, beautiful as it was, appeared cold and damp; the melodious sound of her voice, too, which he had not thought of while she was there, was now remembered when it was no longer heard.

All these, and a thousand other feelings, came upon him at the breakfast table on the morning after their departure. He recollected, however, before breakfast was over, that it would be but civil to go down and inquire for Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, and to ascertain whether they were comfortable in their new abode. He accordingly did so, and by some strange combination of circumstances, which Sir Francis Tyrrell and Mr. Driesen, and Lady Tyrrell, all observed, it so happened that not a day passed without there being some very valid motive and excellent good reason why Charles Tyrrell should go down to the manor-house, unless it happened to be on a day when he was aware that

Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, or Lucy alone, were to be with Lady Tyrrell. Once, Charles thought of it himself, and for a single instant a doubt crossed his bosom as to what his feelings might become; but he laughed it off in a moment. The causes that took him to the manor-house seemed so natural that there was no fear, he thought, of his feelings becoming any thing but what they were already. Indeed, there was no great necessity that they should; for by this time Charles Tyrrell was as much in love with Lucy Effingham as he well could be. The very consequence of his being so much in love was that he went on confident he was not so at all, and how long he would have remained in this state of ignorance would be difficult to determine, if the period of his return to Oxford had not rapidly approached, bringing with it thoughts and reflections which made him look more accurately into his own heart.

He put off the hour of examination, indeed, till the very evening before the day fixed for

his departure. But on that evening Mrs. Effingham and Lucy dined at the Park, and although there occurred not one event which we could take hold of to write it down as a legitimate cause why Charles Tyrrell should feel differently after that evening, yet upon the whole the passing of it had the effect of making him determine to sift his own sensations to the bottom. Of course, there was a certain impression upon the whole party at the Park, caused by his approaching departure. Lady Tyrrell felt it very bitterly, as she always did, and did not scruple to suffer that feeling to appear.

But it was the effect upon Lucy Effingham that principally moved Charles Tyrrell. She said not a word but such as she was accustomed to say: no one single incident took place to show that there was a difference in her feelings; and yet a certain softness, a degree of sadness coloured her thoughts, and was heard in the tone of her voice, which Charles Tyrrell did remark. He was any thing but vain, and would never, probably, have applied what he did re-

mark to himself had not hope been busy with imagination, and imagination with Lucy Effingham. But as it was so, he did remark, in addition to the softness and sadness of Lucy's tone and manner, that the softness and sadness were always somewhat increased after his approaching departure had been mentioned.

As he gazed upon her, too, he thought that she was lovelier than ever. As he stood beside her while she sang, her voice seemed to him melody itself, and when he put her into the carriage which was to bear her away, the thrill which ran through his heart as she shook hands with him and bade him farewell, made him pause for a moment in the vestibule ere he returned to the rest of the world.

As soon as he had retired to his own room Charles began his commune with his own heart. The interrogatory, as far as the actual facts were concerned, was soon at an end; for when he asked himself if he loved Lucy Effingham really, truly and sincerely, his heart answered, yes, at once.

There were other questions, however, to be asked, referring only to probabilities. The first question was, whether there existed any chance of obtaining her love in return, notwithstanding the previous attachment which she entertained towards Arthur Hargrave? This was a difficult problem to solve; for though there were hopes, from the friendship with which Lucy Effingham seemed to regard him, and from her demeanour during that evening, which made his heart beat high; yet there had been nothing so decided in word, or even in manner, as to justify him in any very sanguine expectations. Love and Hope, however, are almost inseparable: and the smiling goddess first produced one argument from her store, and then another, to show him that there was no reason to despair. In the first place, Lucy had seen this young man, this Lieutenant Hargrave, not very often, according to his mother's account; in the next place, she knew that he was disapproved, disliked, and contemned by all whom she had cause to es-

teem; and in the third place, she had made no resistance to the will of her parents, nor proffered a word of opposition. In short, he settled it in his own mind that there was hope for him; but then came the question, could he be satisfied with that portion of affection which he could hope to gain from a heart that had loved before. He asked himself if it were possible that any heart could love really twice, and he felt inclined to answer in words almost equally strong but not so beautiful as those of Walter Savage Landor, when the great poet says:—

"Tell me: if ever, Eros! are revealed
Thy secrets to the earth: have they been true
To any love who speak about the first?
What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars
In the few hours assigned them, change their place,
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear?
Idler I am; and pardon, not reply,
Implore from thee, thus questioned. Well I know
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once."

But Charles Tyrrell loved, and though he would have given worlds that Lucy Effingham

had never felt one feeling of attachment to another; though he knew, if he would have owned it, that her having done so would be a bitter drop in his cup through life, even if she accepted him willingly; though he could not have denied, if he had still gone on to question himself closely, that no signs of affection to himself in after-life would ever convince him that she loved him as fully, as truly, as entirely as if she had never loved another—yet Charles Tyrrell loved, and the hope of possessing Lucy Effingham was sufficient to make him stride over every objection.

All this being settled, and his determination taken, the next thing to be considered was the course which he should pursue. He was not yet of age; but a few months only were wanting, and he felt that when they were past, he should be in a different position, and enabled to treat the matter in a different manner. He was sure that there was a certain perversity in the disposition of Sir Francis, which would make his expressed wish to marry Lucy Effing-

ham the very reason why the Baronet would throw obstacles in the way, though he had been himself the first to seek the alliance.

In regard to his mother, after all that had passed between them upon the subject, after what had been said of Lucy Effingham's first attachment, and their both agreeing that he never could be satisfied with any thing but affection in its first young strength, he felt a degree of shame, a sort of shyness as to mentioning his changed views and purposes.

Under these circumstances he determined to set out for Oxford without informing either his father or his mother of the state of his feelings. He was too upright and straightforward to affect towards his father any dislike to one whom he loved and admired as he did Lucy, although he well knew that such would be the means to hurry on Sir Francis into some irrevocable step towards the promotion of their marriage; but he felt himself quite justified in saying nothing on the subject and returning to Oxford as if

with unconcern, and he consequently determined to do so the next day.

At the same time, however, his was by far too eager a nature to leave the affections of Lucy Effingham to be lost or won during his absence without an effort; and he therefore resolved to acquaint his mother by letter with feelings which he did not choose to speak, and to induce her to make known those feelings to Lucy, and to endeavour to ascertain more accurately the state of her affection in return.

All those resolutions and determinations were formed with great and calm deliberation before he lay down to rest; but unfortunately, while he had been resolving one way, Fate had been resolving another, and not one single thing that he determined upon that night did he succeed in executing,

Thoughts such as those that occupied him are very matutinal in their activity, and before five o'clock on the following morning Charles Tyrrell was up and dressed. The vehicle that was to convey him did not pass the

gates of the Park till about eleven o'clock, and he would have had time, if he had chosen so to act, to go down and see Lucy once more and learn his fate from her own lips. He did not choose to do so, however; but to fill up the hours till breakfast time, he determined to wander about the park, and in the spots where he had more than once passed some of the sweetest moments of existence in her society, to call up the delicious dream of the past, now that he was just about to place between it and hope's bright vision of the future, an interval which seemed to him a long, long lapse of weary hours and dull realities.

Opening the doors for himself—for though it was daylight none of the servants were yet up—he went out upon the lawn and gazed around him on the sparkling aspect of re-awakening nature. Beauty and peace and harmony were over all the scene; many a glossy pheasant was strutting about here and there within the sacred precincts of a spot where guns were never heard, and only jostled

from their path by some old familiar hare, grown fat and grey on immunity and abundant food, or else startled to a half flight by the rush of the rapid squirrel darting across the lawn to some opposite tree.

The opening of the door, the aspect even of man, the great destroyer of all things, did not disturb the tenants of the wood. One or two of the hares crouched down as if asleep indeed; but those who had passed many years there undisturbed showed no farther sign of apprehension than by standing up high on their hind feet, and with their ears projecting in all sorts of ways, seeming to inquire who it was that had got up as early as themselves. Having satisfied themselves of that fact, the utmost that they condescended to do was to hop a few steps farther from the house; and Charles Tyrrell was proceeding on his walk, when a window above was opened, and the voice of Mr. Driesen pronounced his name.

Now of all people on earth, perhaps Mr.

Driesen was the last whom Charles Tyrrell would have chosen to be his companion at a moment when such feelings as those that agitated him then were busy in his bosom. He therefore affected a deafness to Mr. Driesen's call, and without taking the slightest notice, walked on quietly into the wood. Ere he had been absent from the house half an hour, however, and while he was yet walking up that long straight walk of beeches, from which, as we have said, Harbury Hill was visible, and which we have fully described in the first or second chapter of this book, he was joined by Mr. Driesen, who, coming straight up to him, gave him no opportunity of escaping.

"I called to you, Charles, from the window," said the modern philosopher, "and you would not hear me, as is always the case when one wants to do a man service. There is nothing on earth so deaf as a man that you wish to assist or to counsel—a post, why a post is all ears compared to it."

"I really did not know," replied Charles Tyrrell, "that you had any particular wish to assist or to counsel me, as I was not at all aware that I was in need either of counsel or assistance. However, if you will advise me as to what ought to be the price of small beer, I shall be obliged to you, as the wine I got at Oxford during the last term was so bad that I shall have no more of it."

"Why, the value of small beer," replied Mr. Driesen, curling his snout, "is just equal to the value of small jokes multiplied by four—a quart of one to a gallon of the other, Charles, eh? Why you are emulous of your father, which I certainly did not think to see in your harmonious family. But, to put aside all such sour and bitter figures, you do want both counsel and assistance; and though I do not mean to say, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would not be better calculated to give it to you than I am—because our views and opinions upon so many subjects differ — yet as you have nobody else in the world near

you who has any thing like experience, or judgment, wit, wisdom, or common sense, except, indeed, persons whom I know you do not choose to apply to, you had better take up with mine than none. I did not expect you to ask it; but when it is offered, you can take it or reject it as you think best."

He spoke with a degree of frankness that Charles Tyrrell had seldom heard him use, and he replied, "I am really very much obliged to you, Mr. Driesen, and will of course hear with respect and attention whatever advice you think fit to give me; but you must take the trouble of telling me upon which subject it is to be, for I confess myself ignorant."

"Of course I will—of course I will," replied Mr. Driesen; "for I intend it to be what the ancients used to call a free gift: now, if I were to expect you to give me your confidence in return it would be a matter of trade, traffic, barter, commerce. You would value it more, doubtless, but I care nothing about that. I will, in the first place, set out then by tell-

ing you the points of your situation on which you require advice and assistance, some of which you know and some of which you don't.—But let us go up and down the walk, for my old blood does not run so quickly as once it did: and I am rather chilly."

Charles Tyrrell followed his suggestion; and, having made his pause just sufficiently long to be impressive, Mr. Driesen went on.

"In the first place, Charles, you are in love." Charles Tyrrell coloured a little, more from surprise than any other feeling; but the other proceeded—"In the next place, you know your father; and are puzzled how to act in the business. I saw it all in your face last night when you came in from handing Miss Effingham into the carriage; so do not say a word, but let me go on. In the next place," continued Mr. Driesen, "you are not going to Oxford to-day—"

"Indeed," replied Charles Tyrrell, "you are quite mistaken. Every thing is packed up and ready, and whenever the coach passes I intend to get up and go to Oxford."

"You intend," said Mr. Driesen, with a grim smile; "I never said you did not intend, I only said you are not going; and the very fact of your fully intending it is one of the reasons why you won't go. Your father thinks that you are getting too fond of Oxford, that you like being away from home. Here, you are going two days before it is necessary; I am quite sure you would like to remain those two days here now, only you are ashamed of saying so, because you fixed the day for going back on the very day you came. However, your father won't let you go. He thinks you wish it, and the consequence, you know, is certain. He will take hold of the very first excuse for making you stay. See if he does not. I am not very sure that he will let you go at all; but that is doubtful. However, you can prevent it at once, if you like, by strongly pressing to go."

"You mistake, my good sir," replied Charles Tyrrell; "such means I will never consent to use with my father, even supposing I did

not wish to go; but certainly, on the contrary, I do wish to go, and to remain till I have taken a degree of some kind."

"Well, so be it then," replied Mr. Driesen, "and though in love and war all things are fair, I suppose you will be equally scrupulous about the means of obtaining your father's consent to your marriage."

"Certainly, equally scrupulous," replied Charles, "inasmuch as not affecting to oppose the very things that I desire."

"Well, well," answered Mr. Driesen, "I have told you the facts, and now I come to give you the advice. In the first place, never dream of saying one word to Sir Francis about your attachment till he proposes the marriage to you himself, which he will do ere long, depend upon it."

"I do not intend to mention any thing upon the subject to him," replied Charles Tyrrell. "As you are come so clearly to the point, Mr. Driesen, in regard to my father's conduct towards myself, I do not scruple to

acknowledge that I know no cause for placing in my father that implicit confidence, which, under any other circumstances, I should be most anxious to do. If he should think fit to propose to me a marriage with a person I love, of course such an event would be doubly pleasing. But should he not do so, I shall not of course consider myself bound to speak with him at all upon the subject till the time arrives when it may be fit for me to marry at all, which of course I do not regard as the case at present."

"So far, so well," replied his companion; "but take my advice, my young friend; do not let him see the slightest inclination on your part towards such a marriage — an inclination which was somewhat too evident last night. If you will but be careful till you go to Oxford,—that is, if your father lets you go at all, —and will leave the rest to me, I will undertake that before a month is over, your father shall have so committed himself in regard to your marriage with Lucy Effingham, that his

sense of honour will prevent him from ever retracting."

"Pray, how long do you intend to remain here, Mr. Driesen?" demanded Charles, considering only what the worthy gentleman proposed to perform, without in the slightest degree recollecting that the question might be an awkward one.

Whether Mr. Driesen took it up in an unpleasant sense or not, it did not in the least put him out of countenance, as indeed, nothing ever did. He replied, however:

"Why, you see, Charles, your father's cook is an excellent one,—his mutton very fine,—excellent fish from the sea, and from the river,—better wine nowhere in Europe,—and as comfortable a bed as one would wish to sleep in: all these are circumstances to be considered when one is asked how long one intends to stay. I should think that my adhesiveness might last another month."

Charles Tyrrell could not help smiling at the great coolness with which Mr. Driesen

treated the matter; but he replied, "I did not mean at all to put an impertinent question; but only to know how much time you would have to give to the object you proposed. In any thing you may think fit to do, of course, I cannot interfere, and I will not deny, as I know that you have very great influence with my father, that nothing would give me so much gratification as if my father did propose this affair to me himself, and in such terms as would bind him to give it his speedy sanction."

"Much more reasonable, indeed, than could be expected of a Tyrrell," cried Mr. Driesen; "why, Charles, you will discredit your family. However, put your mind at ease. I will undertake that your father shall do what you wish, and that very speedily, if you will but be careful, and for the next two or three days let him remain in ignorance of your feelings upon the subject."

"Depend upon it, my dear sir," replied Charles Tyrrell, "depend upon it, you are

mistaken; and that I shall go to Oxford to-day without opposition."

"Poo, poo, Charles!" said Mr. Driesen; "I have known your father for thirty years too well to be mistaken in what he intends to do. You will soon see, and judge by that, how right I am regarding all the rest. As far as we have gone yet, Charles, I have been acting quite disinterestedly, and out of regard for my friend's son, as well as for my friend himself, who does not always know his own interests. I do not mean to say that the day will not come when I may ask a favour of you, in return; but that period, I should think, is far distant. However, if ever it should, you will remember what I do for you on the present occasion, and, if I know you right, you will be very willing to return it."

"That I will, Mr. Driesen," replied Charles, warmly; for the other had touched exactly the right point; but before he could proceed any farther, either in thanks or professions, he saw a servant at the other end of the walk

apparently seeking him, and in a minute or two after the man came up and told him that Sir Francis wished to see him immediately, as there had occurred important business which he feared might prevent the journey to Oxford that day. Mr. Driesen grinned slightly, and with the servant following, accompanied Charles into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

We must now leave the party of Harbury Park for a short period; ay, and the party at the manor-house also, and go to a somewhat humbler scene, though not without its comforts and even elegances. We must also go back in point of time for somewhat more than one day, and yet not quite two, and ask the gentle reader to accompany us to a small but neat white stone house situated amongst the woods, which we have mentioned as crowning the summits of the high cliffs that guarded the sea shore. The house was perched upon the top of one of the highest of these, which overhung the group of small fisher-

men's cottages in which the brother of good John Hailes dwelt, and at the distance of about a mile from John's own abode. Through the wood and down to the shore was a small well-trimmed path, from the gate of the little garden over the face of the cliff, guarded in the precipitous parts by neat wooden balustrades, from which a pleasant scene of ocean and sea-coast was visible, at various points, to the walker who chose to pause, and leaning his folded arms upon the railing, gaze over at the view below.

There was no carriage-way through the wood up to the house, and for about a quarter of a mile there did not appear even a cart road; but there was an excellent well-beaten foot-path, wide enough for a horse or two abreast, which led out into the way made for the wood-carts, and thence to a small by-road, by which the fishermen sent up their fish to the county town. Those were not days when every thing on earth went to London.

The house itself was neat, the garden kept

in beautiful order; and, in a warm situation upon a genial coast, was prolific of every kind of flower that had been at that time introduced into England; but although these were signs of a landsman's tastes, there were not wanting indications of nautical habits and associations. There was a tall pole with a vane at the top, carried sufficiently high above the neighbouring trees, to indicate truly what wind was blowing at the time. A difficulty having been found in carrying this pole up to the proper height in one piece, it had been managed as a mast with a step and sort of top-mast, and to make the whole sure, various stays and braces had been carried down and made fast to the roof of the house; so that seen over the tops of the trees it appeared exactly like the mast of a ship rising out of the wood. In the garden was seen a little summer-house, formed from a large boat sawn in two, and at the other end of the house, opposite to the mast, was raised a flag-staff, with a block and pulley, for running up and down a flag upon occasion.

As far as description goes, this will be enough, and we will now immediately proceed to the dwellers in that house, and those with whom they were in communication about six-and-thirty hours previously to the period at which we last left Charles Tyrrell.

The evening sunshine was at that time bright over the world; but it reached not the house or the gardens around it, the trees throwing them at that period into shadow. The door, however, was open, and leaning against one of the door-posts was a stout elderly man, strong in limb, rather bulky in size, and with a form apparently better adapted for the exertion of slow but vigorous efforts, than for any thing like grace or activity. His features were good, though somewhat heavy; except, indeed, the eyes, which were keen and even sharp in expression. His complexion was of that dark brown hue which is generally called weather-beaten, and his hair was grey and rather short, except, indeed, behind, where it was gathered into an enormously long thin queue, as was not

uncommon amongst seamen at that time. This queue was bound tightly up with black riband, and in colour, form, and length, resembled very much a lady's riding whip of the present day.

He was raised upon the step of the door, and was consequently looking down upon another person, whom he spoke to, standing on the little gravel semicircle before the house, and who was also somewhat shorter than himself. His companion, however, was apparently not less endowed with corporeal vigour, and though not a young man by any means, was two or three years younger than the master of the house. He was broadly built, with large strong limbs, a rough hale countenance, and a frank clear blue eye. There were one or two deep scars upon his face, which somewhat disfigured him; but in every other respect his countenance was good and pleasing, though there was about it at the moment a sort of thoughtfulness and sternness which betokened occupation with matters of importance and moment.

While talking to the other he remained with his large brawny hands behind his back, looking up in the face of his companion with the queue, and the subject they spoke upon was marked as one of considerable interest, more by the pauses for reflection which took place between every sentence and its rejoinder, than by any great changes of expression called up in the speakers' countenances. They evidently understood each other perfectly, so that whatever was to be said, was only, in fact, half expressed, and that in a particular slang of their own, eked out by a shrug of the shoulders, a lifting up of the eye-brows, or an occasional ejection of tobacco-juice from the mouth, which seemed to be looked upon as very expressive.

"Well, good night, Master Longly," said the shorter of the two, taking a step back from the door, and shaking hands with the other: "I'll do as you think fit, you know; but I think myself—the sooner gone the better."

"So do I, so do I," answered the other. "Good night, Old Will."

But, though they mutually wished each other good night, they by no means parted, nor, indeed, seemed to have the slightest idea that they were going to part; for Master Longly, or as the people about the country used generally to call him, Captain Long, descended from his door-way, as the other turned away, and sauntered after him through the garden, while Old Will, as he termed him, perfectly sure that the other was following, continued his observations in rejoinder to what had taken place at the door.

Thus they walked on, putting one slow step before another, till they reached the top of the cliff, where they again came to a pause and another discussion, and then breaking off again, Old Will began to descend the zig-zag towards the shore, while Longly, after taking two or three steps farther, leant over the railing as he had done forty times before in the same circumstances, and continued talking with the other till he was half way down. Then came the quicker and final good night, and Captain

Long took his way back with a somewhat more rapid step.

The history of Captain Long, or as he is more accurately described in some of his official papers, Mr. Thomas Longly, Master Mariner, is soon told: and it was a history then very common amongst the inhabitants of the sea-coast of England. He had been a somewhat wildish youth in the nearest sea-port town,—had received a good plain education; but smitten with a love of adventure, had volunteered on board a king's ship; for which his father, who was a dealer in marine stores, had instantly disinherited him, and declared he would cut him off with a shilling, in imitation of his betters. The boy was clever and active, bold and enterprising; but by no means fond of any kind of restraint, and with a strong spice of obstinacy in his nature, which, notwithstanding the subordination of a ship of war, made him set out with resisting and attempting to run, as soon as he found that His Majesty's service was not quite so easy and

joyous a life as he had expected. He was not easily broken of such bad propensities; but the cat o'nine-tails was applied, and not in vain, the youth soon finding that it was less disagreeable to obey and exert himself, than to make ineffectual efforts at resistance, and be flogged for his pains.

His commander was a smart officer, but a just man. Occasions of danger and difficulty speedily presented themselves, for England was then in the midst of a hot war, and the boy proving active as a squirrel and bold as a lion, gained attention and distinction,—was noticed by the captain, and after a few years' service turned out one of the best seamen in the ship. After a certain period of time, when he was returning to England from the West Indies, and it was supposed the crew were to be paid off, he was suddenly raised to the rank of a warrant officer, probably with a view of keeping him in the service.

On returning to his native town, however, he found his father at the point of death—a

point at which men are not fond of executing all that they have threatened against their refractory children. The consequence was, as might have been expected, a full share of the worthy dealer's money came to his son Thomas, and with a capital of a few thousand pounds, he thought it would be much better to set up in command of a ship of his own, than to continue any longer in the King's service when there was no war going on. He therefore bought shares in a large cutter, with the understanding that he was to command her, and set out as a trader, in which capacity, to say the truth, he was not particularly fortunate. He did not lose, indeed, but his gains at the end of four or five years had only been sufficient to enable him, in conjunction with the other shareholders, to abandon the cutter, and buy a handsome well-built schooner.

Just about the same time, however, a fresh war broke out. Longly applied for letters of marque, mounted some handsome brass guns on the deck of his schooner, with some heavy

carronades for closer quarter, and set sail from the port with the determination of doing the enemy's commerce as much harm as possible. This sort of trade he understood much better than the other, and consequently he was far more fortunate. Captain Long became known upon the whole coast of France and England, and while the traders of Bourdeaux looked out with considerable apprehension for fear of meeting Captain Long on the high seas, the corsairs of St. Malo despatched some of their gallant skimmers of the ocean to look out for him, with the vain hope of bringing Captain Long into the French port. It is true, they caught him; but they formed, in their hunt for Captain Long, a strong resemblance to the old story in regard to catching a tartar; for in one instance he sunk his adversary with every soul on board, and in another he brought his pursuer into the nearest English port.

He thus acquired a very comfortable little independence; but at the same time acquired habits of a somewhat marauding nature, mix-

ing up in a strange compound the ideas of the merchant, and, with reverence be it spoken, the ideas of the Pirate.

Two things, however, occurred to sober him at about the age of fifty; one was, a very severe fall, which left him stiff and less active for the rest of his life, and the other was the death of his wife, whom he loved as well as he could love any thing, except his daughter. These circumstances induced him to give up the sea, and having nothing further to care about, or to provide for, he retired to the spot where we have introduced him to the reader, built the house that we have described, and gave himself up to rural life with occasional little indications of his former habits and propensities breaking out, of a more serious kind indeed than his fondness for looking over the sea with a telescope, or having his own boat upon the shore below. He was very much loved and liked by all the neighbouring fishermen, and though he was a great man in their estimation, and not a little one in his own, yet he was too frank and

free, and open-hearted, to treat his neighbours as any thing but messmates.

Leaving him then to return to his own dwelling, we shall take leave to walk into the little neat parlour thereof, and see who and what it contained. It was nicely and tastefully fitted up, with two or three detestably bad portraits of persons, who might be Captain and Mrs. Longly in their best clothes, or any other person on earth that the spectator might choose to imagine, and besides these was a neat small pianoforte, with a number of books, pretty little jars for flowers, various curiosities brought over by Longly himself from foreign countries in which he had carried on his various occupations, together with a number of minor objects, denoting taste and refinement.

The living beings whom Longly had left behind, when he walked down with Old Will, were three in number; the first of which lay upon the hearth-rug, in the form of an immense tabby cat. The next that we shall spe-

cify was a remarkably pretty girl of about eighteen years of age, upon whose character, naturally wild, lively, and sportive, but sincere, affectionate, and generous, a couple of years spent at a boarding-school had grafted a certain degree of coquetry and affectation which certainly did not improve her, but which spoiled her less than might be imagined. This is very nearly enough of the character of Hanna Longly. She was, as we have said, remarkably pretty, full of grace and warm colouring, with dark eyes much larger than her father's, and deep brown hair, slightly approaching to auburn. She had in most things a natural good taste, and notwithstanding having been at a school, was not in reality vulgar, except inasmuch as the least approach to affectation of any kind is vulgar in itself.

The third person in the room, is one whom we may have quitted rather too long, and who, on many accounts, deserved more particular and constant attention; this was no other than

Everard Morrison, the old school companion of Charles Tyrrell. He was now sitting with Hanna Longly, well dressed, improved in health, and by no means a bad looking young man, though still short, and apparently not very robust. He was just out of his articles as a lawyer's clerk, and in partnership with his father, and it was in his legal capacity that he had made acquaintance with Captain Longly, who, about a year before, had by some unpleasant mistake become embroiled with the officers of his Majesty's customs. So confident were those officers that Longly had been engaged in some of the smuggling transactions which took place so frequently in the good old times, when no such thing as a coast guard was known, and which have somewhat decreased since its adoption, that nothing would prevent them from proceeding against him at law; and he was obliged to have recourse to Messrs. Morrison to do the best they could in his defence. Young Morrison exerted himself strenuously, and two or three times visited Captain Longly

at his own dwelling. His visits there seemed even to increase his zeal, and the result was, that the Captain was carried through triumphantly, vowing that it was entirely young Morrison's doing, and that there was one honest lawyer in the world.

Such a feeling naturally produced an inclination so see more of the young lawyer, and for some reason young Morrison very frequently availed himself of the old sailor's frank invitation, called upon him in the morning, dined with him if he had time, and even on one or two occasions slept in the house.

Hanna Longly was not sorry to have such a companion, and, to say the truth, was not sorry to be made love to in a quiet way. Though she was really a good girl, and neither fretted nor murmured, she did feel that the place where her father had fixed his abode was very lonely, and shut her off from any sort of society she could have enjoyed. She did also feel that unless by some miracle, not to be expected, a young man equal to herself in

taste and feelings were suddenly brought and dropped down like an aerolite in the neighbourhood, the only alternative before her was living on in single blessedness, or marrying the richest fisherman she could find. Some of the officers who had known Longly at a former period, came to see him from time to time, it is true, and one old gentleman, a post-captain in the navy, who had been lieutenant of Longly's first ship, fell desperately in love with her at the age of sixty-five, and offered to marry her, holding out the prospect of her becoming, at some future time, Mrs. Admiral Jackson; but Hanna's ambition was not of that kind, and she refused decidedly, and at once. She had occasionally seen others, too, at her father's house, with whom the ambition of the heart might have been satisfied; but they either only stayed for a brief call at the house of the well-known old sailor, or showed themselves merely disposed to trifle with pretty Hanna Longly as an inferior. To this she was not disposed to submit, feeling that the way by which a woman

should be won does not begin in insult, even though the shade be slight.

She was well pleased then upon all occasions to see Everard Morrison. She esteemed him highly, she liked him much, and he was daily making progress in her regard; so that at the time we speak of, though he had not asked her and she had not consented, all things bade fair to make her very soon the wife of a thriving young lawyer in a country town.

The fact of Captain Longly having gone out to speak with Old Will, as he was called, left young Morrison a favourable opportunity for telling his tale and exchanging vows with Hanna Longly, an opportunity which few men would have let slip, especially when, from the spot in which he was seated, he saw the old gentleman saunter away with his companion towards the sea-coast.

But Everard Morrison was a phenomenon in many respects. He was modest notwithstanding his profession, and he could not make up his mind to speak words which,

though they might render Hanna Longly his wife, might at the same time deprive him of the pleasure he enjoyed from time to time in her society. He wished to speak. He longed to speak, but yet he could not make up his mind to do it: perhaps Hanna herself expected it, and certain it is, that nothing which Everard said upon any other subject was either very applicable or very agreeable.

The matter was becoming awkward, and young Morrison was upon the very eve of putting an end to it by a bold effort of resolution, when her father appeared again beyond the rails of the garden, and at the very same moment a loud voice was heard shouting — "Ship, ahoy! hollah, Captain Long! Captain Long-pigtail! Hie! bring-to, bring-to!"

Captain Longly immediately halted in his advance, and turned to see who it was that thus hailed him, and Everard Morrison could see through the window a young man come up

dressed in a sailor's jacket and trousers, with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the hook of the stick, and certainly not giving more indications of being a gentleman by his dress than he had done by his salutation. But yet there was something in his manner and carriage, in his personal appearance altogether, we may say, which stamped upon him the mint mark of a higher station than that which he assumed, and Everard was not at all surprised when he heard Longly exclaim, "Why, master Lieutenant, is that you? Who would suppose it in such a rig as that. Why, you look like a smart coxswain. Why I havn't seen you, sir, since you got your rank. I hope it has sobered you."

Let it be noted, that in all the speeches of Captain Long were interspersed sundry expletives of a high flavour, which we have not thought it fit to repeat, and shall leave to the imagination of our readers.

"Ay, ay, Captain," replied the Lieutenant, "I have my own reasons for what I am about;

I have been sobered enough by one thing or another, and what I want of you now is, to know whether you will give me a bed and a dinner for a day or two."

"That I will, that I will," replied Longly, "I 'll give you that and more too if you want it, for old acquaintance sake; but come in and we 'll see about it."

"I shan't tire you out by staying too long," answered the other, and he followed Longly through the garden towards the house.

Everard Morrison was mortified and disappointed in every way. He was vexed with himself for not having seized the opportunity of proposing to Hanna which had been afforded to him. He was disappointed at another person, and that person a stranger, being obtruded upon them, and he was sufficiently in love to be apprehensive without a cause. He was not one of those, however, who suffer the emotions of the heart to appear very much on the countenance, and, therefore, remained calmly till Longly brought

in the stranger, whom the young lawyer examined carefully from head to foot, concluding that, notwithstanding the worst that envy could say to disparage him, he was a very handsome man indeed, of about thirty years of age.

When all the little preliminaries had been settled, such as introducing Hanna Longly and Lieutenant Hargrave to each other, Everard Morrison put in his quiet word, saying, "I think, Mr. Longly, I shall go and get my horse and go home, for it is growing late, and I have some way to go, you know."

"Why, I thought you were going to stay all night, Master Everard," answered Longly. "Never mind the Lieutenant; we've plenty of room; we'll stow him away in the back room, where the hammock swings."

"Not to-night, Master Longly," replied Everard; "I must go home to-night; but the day after to-morrow, perhaps, I shall come and see you again;" and shaking hands with Hanna, with a slight pressure, as he did so, just suffi-

cient to make the colour mount a little higher in her cheeks, he left the room with a good night to Longly, and a bow to their new companion, somewhat stiff and stately indeed, and finding his horse, was soon after seen riding away.

"Who the devil is that?" demanded Lieutenant Hargrave. "He seems mighty stately. Is that Sir Francis Tyrrell's son that I have heard so much talk about?"

"Oh, bless ye no!" replied Longly. "Why, compared with young Tyrrell, that's but a sloop compared to a seventy-four. He's a wonderful nice young fellow though, that Everard Morrison. If it hadn't been for him, d—n me, if I shouldn't have been in prison now, and most likely a bankrupt. He is young Everard Morrison, the lawyer's son, at Winsby."

"A lawyer!" cried the young officer. "Oh, curse the young shark! I wonder you let him into your doors. Don't look so angry, pretty Miss Hanna. What! I suppose this lawyer

is a lover of yours. Never mind that; we'll make him walk a plank, and I'll console you."

"Come, come, no nonsense, Master Hargrave," rejoined Captain Longly, seeing his daughter both vexed and angry at the young sailor's unceremonious familiarity. "That young Morrison is as fine a fellow as ever stepped, and brave though he's modest Didn't I see him out-face a dozen of the lawyers at least, and swear he would not have me wronged if there was law in the land. D—n me, if it wasn't like a single ship fighting a whole fleet of the enemy. But he beat 'em all. And now, Mr. Hargrave, let's see what we can do to make you comfortable. Have you had any dinner?"

Lieutenant Hargrave acknowledged that he had had none, and any thing that Longly and his daughter chose to do to make him comfortable he took with the greatest coolness, without ever seeming to feel that he might be giving trouble. All that could be obtained of any kind he appeared very willing to receive,—

asked for without ceremony, and made use of without any great apparent thankfulness. In fact, there was a sort of habitual selfishness sufficiently apparent in his whole demeanour to have been remarked by probably any other person than Longly himself, and which, for the first half hour or so, struck Hanna Longly considerably.

When he had made himself as comfortable as he could be, Lieutenant Hargrave thought that it might not be amiss to spend an hour or so in flirting with his host's pretty daughter, and he applied himself with diligence and with success but too common in this life, to remove by attention and flattery any unfavourable impression he had made at first, and to rouse up a different feeling in its place. Although Longly seemed to treat him with such little ceremony, and, to say the truth, did look down upon him in various respects, inasmuch as he had known him as a youngster of a wild, thoughtless disposition, in different scenes and times,—had heard of his contracting large debts

here, and large debts there, and paying nobody; and, moreover, knew that as a young man he had committed a good many actions which had delayed his promotion, and deprived him of the esteem of his superior officers, yet, Lieutenant Hargrave, by his rank in the service—by being the son of a person in a superior station—and by the good education which he had received and thrown away, conceived himself to be sufficiently above Captain Longly and his daughter to treat them with perfect familiarity and ease.

When he found that Hanna, however, was more inclined to give her attention to him when he spoke in a higher and more gentlemanly tone than that which he had assumed at first in order to make his conversation suit his company as he thought; he changed that tone almost entirely, — resumed the demeanour of a gentleman and a man of cultivated mind —talked to her on matters where it gave her pleasure to display her little store of knowledge —made her sing and play, and declared that

although he had heard all the first performers that the theatres of London, Paris, and Naples could produce, he had never heard a voice so sweet, an ear so just, or a taste so exquisite. Poor Hanna listened, and coloured, and believed, if not the whole, a considerable part, and before the hour for retiring to rest, Lieutenant Hargrave was high in her good graces, and they were talking sentiment in very rapid career.

Arthur Hargrave retired to his room and laughed. He was a good deal struck, it is true, with Hanna Longly's beauty; but he had other objects in view at the time, and only thought of her as of one whose society might serve very pleasantly to pass the time that was not otherwise occupied. There were worse thoughts, perhaps more evil purposes, in his bosom; but they were all at present vague, and to be contingent upon the degree of weakness which he found in his entertainer's child, though he smiled even now at the simple vanity which had been so easily

beguiled, and doubted not that, with a little art, patience, and perseverance, that vanity and that simplicity might be used to lead her to any thing that he pleased.

Hanna Longly, on her part, retired to rest, first thinking a good deal more than necessary of Arthur Hargrave; but with cooler reflection came the thoughts of Everard Morrison, and she began to feel sorry for what she had done, and more sorry for what she had felt. If there had been anybody near to reproach her with her conduct, she was just in the state of mind to pout, and throw the blame upon him, saying, "Stupid fellow, why didn't he propose when he had an opportunity, then?" But nobody said a word, except her own heart; and it went on reasoning the matter with her in so severe, though calm a manner, that she could not sleep for a long while.

Old Longly himself was differently affected. "He's a bad one," he thought, as his mind turned to Arthur Hargrave; "he's a

bad one, I've a notion. At all events, he's running a-head somewhat too fast with our Hanna. He sha'n't stay here long, I'll take care of that. However, one can't well turn him out before a day or two are over. But I must keep a good look-out a-head. That would never do. I'd rather she married Jim Wilson, the fisherman; but she'll never think of him, I dare say, though she seemed to haul her wind a little, too."

Early in the morning, as was his invariable custom, Longly was down and in his garden, not exactly working therein, but rather enjoying; for there was not a little of the love for what is beautiful and graceful in the old sailor's mind; and the fresh sparkling light of morning amongst the green shrubs and sweet flowers which his own hand had planted, was one of his chief delights.

After looking at this plant, however, and that plant, for about half an hour, he found himself insensibly approaching the garden gate, and his habitual impulse carried him

through it, and along the walk, to the top of the cliff. He could not have sat down to his breakfast comfortably without his morning look at the sea; and there might be other feelings, too, a little concerned, with which we have nothing to do at this moment, as the only indications thereof, in the walk he took at present, were to be found in a slight deviation from the well-worn path which he usually followed. As soon as he had come within sight of the shore, then, he turned to the right for about two hundred yards along the top of the cliff, and paused at a spot where a projecting part of the crag formed a little nook or recess below, not big enough, indeed, to deserve the name of a bay, and never reached by the water but at times when spring tides were accompanied by high south-westerly winds.

Above that spot he paused, and suffering the telescope, his almost invariable companion, to drop by his side, gazed down upon a large mass of stones and sea-weed on the shore.

He was suddenly startled, however, by the sound of a footstep, and instantly the telescope went up to his eye, and was pointed towards a small vessel out at sea.

"Well, captain," cried the voice of young Hargrave; "good morning to you. I could find no one in the house but the maid and the cook, and so, after giving each of them a kiss for good luck, I came out for a cruise;—and so here you are."

"You had better mind where you cruise, though," muttered Captain Longly, in a low and angry voice, the tones of which were too indistinct for the other to hear; and seeing the old sailor still looking through his glass, the lieutenant asked, "Can you make her out?"

"The revenue cutter, I think," answered Longly; and without more words he turned back to the house.

Captain Longly was evidently surly from some cause; and after doing all that he could during breakfast to make Hanna Longly in

love with him, Arthur Hargrave announced that he was going out for a long walk up into the country upon business, and would not be back till late.

Captain Longly seemed not a little rejoiced to see him go, and even lent him a couple of guineas, which the other asked with perfect confidence; but the old sailor added to his farewell a notice that he closed his doors at ten o'clock at night, and opened them again for nobody less than King George.

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH suspicion formed no part of the character of Charles Tyrrell, to whom we now return, and though his whole mind was of a frank, daring, and straight-forward character, which admitted few doubts with regard to the motives or purposes of others, yet he could scarcely refrain from giving credence to a suspicion which crossed his mind that Mr. Driesen's vaticination regarding the delay of his journey to Oxford must have had its rise in something which had passed between that gentleman and his father on the preceding night.

Charles Tyrrell was wrong, however, as he soon found, not doing justice to that acuteness, with which Mr. Driesen was endowed in a very

extraordinary degree, and by which men possessed of great experience in human character discover, by slight and to others almost imperceptible indications, the conduct which particular persons are likely to pursue long before that conduct is developed. This, however, Charles had soon cause to admit, for the circumstances which caused his father to recal him, and offered an excuse for detaining him during that day from Oxford, had only arisen that very morning.

On his return he found Sir Francis in his dressing-gown, with his sharp features sharpened by excitement, and his long overhanging black eyebrows, looking blacker and more like a ragged thatch than ever.

"I am sorry to find, sir," said Charles, "from what the servant says, that you have met with some business which is likely to detain me from Oxford. My place is taken by the coach, and I have a good many things which I wish to settle and arrange at the University, before the actual commencement of the term."

"You are vastly eager to return, Charles," said his father, "I am almost inclined to fear that there may be some particular attraction there. But I should think that your father having occasion for you here, might seem a sufficient motive for your stay. It is not for my own pleasure, depend upon it, that I require you to remain. I can always spare your society willingly, for as long a period as you like; I am neither very much edified, very much instructed, or very much amused by your pleasant and agreeable conversation; so do not suppose, my good sir, that my motives for detaining you are selfish: I have had some consideration for you in this matter, and I therefore had a right to trust that you would obey my directions willingly."

Charles Tyrrell bore this little spurt of parental tenderness in perfect silence. He knew that reply was vain, that whatever he might say to justify himself, would but drive his father to show that he was farther in the wrong, and perhaps end by producing some of those

more violent ebullitions which he was most anxious on every account to avoid. When the alarum had run down, however, he paused a moment, and then said, "May I ask what the matter is?"

"To consider, I suppose," replied Sir Francis Tyrrell, "whether it is your will and pleasure to remain or not?"

"No, my dear sir, no," replied Charles, somewhat impatiently; "I am perfectly prepared to remain, obeying your commands without any consideration. I merely asked as a matter of curiosity."

"Well, sir, do not put yourself in a passion," replied Sir Francis; "you should learn, Charles, to be less captious and irritable, especially when speaking to your father. However, it is not necessary to enter into the subject for which I wish you to remain at present. Information has just been sworn before me, upon oath, in regard to some transactions which will be brought before me, I trust, by eleven or twelve o'clock to-day. Some of the persons

implicated I understand you take a very great interest in, and therefore, I wished that you should be present yourself in order that you might feel sure,—as I know most young men are inclined to doubt their father's judgment,—that nothing harsh or unpleasant has been done."

To the allegation against young men in general, Charles Tyrrell did not think fit to make any reply, and as he saw that Sir Francis chose to be mysterious as well as dogmatical, he asked no farther questions, leaving the matter to elucidate itself.

In order, however, to say something and to make that subject agreeable upon the only topic that was left him, he answered, "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your consideration; for though I have every confidence in your judgment, and my presence can of course alter in no degree what is to take place, yet I shall be glad, of course, to be present, if there is any thing to be brought forward against people I take an interest in, merely in order to hear the facts."

There seemed so little to take hold of in this reply that he trusted his father would let it pass unquestioned; but Sir Francis was by no means in a mood to suffer any thing to escape him, and in consequence he pounced upon his son's expression of a belief that his presence could not alter at all what was likely to take place, and, of course, he was the more angry upon the subject as there was nothing to be angry about. He showed clearly and distinctly that the very idea was insulting to him that he should have detained his son from Oxford to be present at an examination in which he could take no part, and to witness proceedings which he could in no degree alter. The thing was too absurd, he said, to be put forward except for the express purpose of annoying him, and on this copious theme he went on for nearly half an hour, proceeding slowly in his toilet while he did so, and interrupting constantly the act of dressing for the purpose of showing his son how much he was in error.

Charles heard him in perfect silence, not

without being a good deal irritated indeed, and feeling his own fiery nature rising up to resist; but he struggled against himself and conquered, though we must acknowledge that the effect upon his mind was to render it irritable and out of sorts for some time after. He thanked his stars, however, when at length he heard the breakfast-bell ring before he had given way to any thing that he felt, and his father hearing it also, and not being nearly ready, yet valuing himself highly upon his punctuality, hurried Charles rapidly out of the room to make breakfast, saying, that he knew very well that Lady Tyrrell would not be down. Charles Tyrrell knew the contrary, being perfectly assured that on the last morning of his stay at Harbury Park his mother would not fail to be at the breakfast table well or ill.

He accordingly found her there on his arrival, and before even Mr. Driesen appeared he had an opportunity of explaining to Lady Tyrrell that his journey was put off, and also of giving her a hint of the sort of mood in

which his father seemed to be. The moment that she heard what were the facts, Lady Tyrrell determined to make her escape from the breakfast-table, and got away before Sir Francis appeared.

As soon as he came down, however, he began to remark on her absence, saying, that he did think on that day, at least, she might have been down. "I suppose she chooses to be unwell," he continued; "but I do think she might have put that off till another morning, when she knew that you were going to Oxford for two or three months."

"I have just seen my mother for a moment, sir," replied Charles, "and told her I was not going. Though she was unwell she intended to have been at breakfast if my departure had not been disarranged."

What the reply of Sir Francis might have been cannot be told, for his ingenuity in discovering matter of offence when he wished it was almost superhuman; but at that moment Mr. Driesen entered with his gay good-humoured

air, apparently thinking of the merest trifles in the world, but all the time remarking every thing around him, down to the least motion and gesture of his companions, with a shrewdness that placed the greater part of their thoughts at his disposal. He instantly saw that the father and son were not upon the most placable grounds in the world, and he cut across the subject with a gay sally, and a happy quotation from a Greek author; and then insisted upon Sir Francis giving his opinion upon an obscure epigram which he declared to be written by Martial, but which, in truth, he had himself manufactured between the door and the breakfast-table.

This gave some change to the feelings with which the morning had commenced, and matters passed on very quietly till about eleven o'clock. At that hour, however, Sir Francis began to be irritable and anxious regarding the return of the constables and officers whom he had despatched in the morning. They had not made their appearance, however, though he

twice rang the bell to inquire if " the people" had come. The reply was still in the negative, and he found that up to half-past eleven no one had arrived, nor had two messengers returned whom he had sent to call for the assistance of two brother magistrates, who lived at some distance.

As time went by he became still more anxious and irritable, and it soon appeared that he had promised Mrs. Effingham to come down to the manor-house at twelve o'clock, in order to speak with her in regard to some improvements and alterations which she had proposed. His punctuality in regard to time he believed to be almost proverbial in the neighbourhood, and he would not have forfeited that reputation for a great deal; but yet it became evident that he could not fulfil his engagement, and after a great deal of hesitation, and many hints to his son, which Charles did not choose to take, he proposed to him straightforwardly to go down to the manor-house, and explain to Mrs. Effingham why he could not come.

"I must remain," he said, "to receive the magistrates, and it is very evident now that I cannot get away from them in time."

Charles had laid out for himself a walk down to the manor-house in the afternoon, and had thought it very likely, if he could persuade Lady Tyrrell to go down with him at that hour, Lucy might be induced to take a drive or a ride with them. He, therefore, was not at all disposed to cut himself off from going in the evening by going in the morning, when a great probability existed of his neither seeing Mrs. Effingham nor her daughter. He ventured to say then, "Cannot you send a servant with a note, sir? Mrs. Effingham may think it strange my breaking in upon them at this hour."

Sir Francis drew himself up with marked politeness. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I forgot that I ought not to make my son a messenger; or perhaps, it is that he sees his father has a particular regard for Mrs. and Miss Effingham, and therefore, wishes to mark his own difference of opinion."